

The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Literature, Society, and Art.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

THE DESPOTISM OF LIBERTY.

THE facility with which the majority of mankind are deluded by mere names is forcibly shown by a comparison between the two great modern cities of Paris and New York. Paris nominally is the capital of a military despotism; New York nominally is the metropolis of a constitutional republic. In Paris the people are hypothetically oppressed, down-trodden, deprived of their inherent natural rights, their bodies coerced, their minds shackled, their speech gagged, their purses despoiled. In New York the people are theoretically their own as well as their rulers' masters, are free as air, in full possession of every right or privilege, able to go where they like, say what they please, keep what they will. Briefly, we should see in the society of these two great representative cities epitomes of the fruit of the two antagonistic systems—unrestricted despotism and unlimited freedom. In the city of the despot we should see misery, ignorance, and squalor, because despots wring their money from the people, discourage education lest it prompt rebellion, and spend too much on themselves to beautify or cleanse the streets of their subjects. In the city of the freeman we should see happiness, purity, and neatness, because the free appreciate the advantages of these things, and, having the power, insist upon enjoying them. Having thus realized in theory what the condition of the populations of these respective cities should be, let us consider for a moment what we find it in practice.

In Paris the people are gay, tidy, and contented. The streets are clean, the prices of necessities under ordinary circumstances are moderate, justice between man and man is promptly and impartially meted out, the freedom of the press, save in a narrow field of political discussion, is unrestrained, taxation is strictly and most rigorously confined to limits demonstrably necessary, and, in a word, whatever the nature of the government in its theoretical aspect, its practical workings, so far as they touch the persons and purses of individuals, are equitable, reasonable, and substantially salutary. In New York the people, broadly speaking, are discontented, dirty, and morose. The streets are inexpressibly filthy, the prices of necessities are ridiculously high, justice between man and man is not only uncertain, but an elective judiciary renders it in many cases positively unattainable, taxation is imposed in the most burdensome, exacting, and irresponsible manner, and, in short, however free in theory the government may be, in its practical effects it is inefficient, unjust, and substantially injurious. It is plain from all this that words, so far as they are commonly applied to great cities, have lost their value, or that, like oracular sayings of old, they are to be taken in such a connection in a precisely opposite sense to their obvious one.

Glaring discrepancies like this will not always go unnoticed or unremedied. The time of waiting may be long and wearisome, and the remedy may sometimes seem hopeless, but we think it inevitable at last. It is in the nature of evils such as this that, like ill humors in the blood, they must continually grow worse until they end in eruption and expulsion. It is probably well that our New York Legislature should be permitted to grow more and more corrupt, without let or hindrance, and without punishment of individuals, so that at last it shall be such a monstrous shame, such a damning ignominy for the entire state, that the whole people shall see and recognize it, and no longer be partially hoodwinked by specious talk about party exaggeration. In like manner, a favorable result might accrue from allowing the ingenious knot of scoundrels who are the devisers of and profitters by all the rascality the city groans under to play their game a little longer. At present the partisan press attributes these evils to any cause but the right

one. With some they are the result of Republican commissions and the wrongful curtailment of self-government; with others, the necessary evils which must accompany the local prevalence of what are called Democratic principles. The unvarnished truth is, that they are the legitimate fruits of universal suffrage. We ought, perhaps, to say of manhood suffrage, since we hold that a really universal suffrage would produce effects very different from those we are here accustomed to see,—a topic we propose to discuss in the future. The government of the people is a very fine thing, no doubt; but no amount of sounding phrases about the rights of man and universal liberty can make it just or wholesome to give to mere numbers unlimited control over property which is not their own, and which their intelligence would not enable them wisely to manage even if it were.

The suffrage as it exists is, we repeat, the sole cause of our municipal troubles; and instead of tinkering over unconstitutional commissions, reformers should go boldly to the root of things, and, whether there is any practicable help for it or not, look the truth fairly in the face, and not hesitate to declare it. Undoubtedly the educated community is getting more and more prepared to recognize the source of its weakness, and to struggle against it. *The New York Times*, a journal which has the significant distinction of being bitterly abused by extremists of both parties, has lately had the courage openly to oppose the existing adjustment of the suffrage, and to advocate its curtailment. It proposes a Common Council of two boards; one to be elected by universal (manhood) suffrage, and the other by the tax-payers alone. This would certainly be an improvement upon the present system, but a single board elected exclusively by tax-payers would be certainly less complicated and probably more efficient. So long as matters are as they are, we never can tell what nefarious schemes against property may be conceived and carried into effect, nor what newspapers, reputed honest, will for mysterious reasons fail to denounce or boldly advocate them. The temptation which is held out by giving men power over what is not their own is a terrible one; and it clouds the moral purity of many who, unexposed to the malignant influence, might have remained spotless.

It is well that intelligent people should ponder deeply upon these unanswerable facts: That in despot-ridden Paris the working masses are, broadly speaking, happy, cleanly, moderately taxed, and able to live comfortably upon average wages; and that in free New York the community at large is lowering with disaffection, is aggregately dirty, is taxed almost beyond endurance, and from high prices unable comfortably to subsist upon what employers can afford to pay. Plainly it is not what things are called which makes them what they are. Journals like *The Evening Post* may amplify till doomsday upon the hypothetical blessings of the government of ignorant numbers, but they cannot escape the trenchant logic of facts, cannot flinch from the inferences to which those facts so implacably lead. Those inferences plainly are—that it is mere folly in a city with a vast, mixed, irresponsible, floating, immigrant, and illiterate population to commit the vital interests of the community to their despotic sway; that if we do so commit those interests, the result has been invariable in the past and is sure to be invariable in the future, and that it consists in giving over the city treasury to the tender mercies of the thieving demagogues who control the mob, and in having a city as disgracefully filthy in a material sense as it is correspondingly corrupt in the administration of its government; that newspapers, even the best of them, will in one way or another be bribed to hold their peace about the gross frauds on the public, to which indeed hard use has made them too well accustomed; and that even the judges on the bench—placed there, heaven help us! by the elective system—will be notorious sharers in the plunder amassed through the choicest of the fraudulent schemes. We escape, it is true, the stigma of being ruled by a single tyrant; but we groan and sweat, and will continue to groan and sweat, under the heel of a despotic multitude until we have courage to break the shackles, and through a pure struggle for liberty once more make our way to new government, just taxation, a purified city, and all things else which, inde-

pendent of mere names, legitimately make up what is really desirable in "freedom."

There is a certain mystery in the parallel we have drawn which, to some, may appear puzzling, if not misleading. Do we really think a despotism better than constitutional government? Would we advocate the application of imperial principles to our own country? Decidedly not. But we would lead people to think, so far as we can, upon the difference between substance and shadow, between names and things. The solution of the mystery is not difficult. In Paris public opinion is so strong that not even an emperor, in most things, can go against it. In New York, public opinion is so weak that even a wretched rabble, in most things, can safely defy it. Call the systems what we like, these are their fruits. Where a given progress of civilization is, names amount to very little; where it is not, they may amount to much. The French submit to the name of absolutism because they find themselves by experience very comfortable under it. We of New York submit to the reality of absolutism—and that of the very worst sort—because we foolishly imagine that we secure, and can only secure, by such a submission the august and sacred presence of Liberty.

MUNICIPAL REFORM.

AMONG all the plans that have been suggested for restoring purity in the government of New York City, no mention has been made of what seems to us a simple and effectual, if not the only, expedient for accomplishing the end. No substantial benefits have followed newspaper exposures, citizens' associations, legislative limitations of power, Albany commissions, and the similar salutary but ineffectual efforts that have succeeded each other. The honest people of the city have at last reached a condition of apathetic despair. Persuaded of the impossibility of disfranchising any of our present dangerous classes, and seeing no reliable means of appointing our rulers without consulting the people, they have yielded to the conviction not only that popular government has conspicuously broken down in New York, but that nothing better is attainable and that misrule is likely to be perpetual. One plan, however, they have not yet tried. It is, while disfranchising none, to increase until they become the controlling power the number of voters whose interests are really identical with those of the city.

A very large proportion of the business men of New York live without the city limits. Driven away by high rents, bad government, city railways, considerations of economy, of health, and of comfort, they have filled the region for thirty miles around with their suburban homes. In effect they are none the less New Yorkers. Here is their business, and hither they come each secular day by a dozen railroad and as many steamboat lines, from Connecticut, from Long and Staten Islands, New Jersey, and the adjacent portions of New York State. They form an important fraction of the commercial classes which make New York what it is, and they as a class have more at stake than any other that could be designated in its material advancement. These people would, if they were permitted to do so, take an active and intelligent interest in the faithful and efficient administration of duties that are now neglected. It would be well for the city if their judgment could prevail in sanitary and quarantine regulations, wharf and harbor regulations, the choice of the judiciary, the economical administration of the government. Practically these people, whose prosperity is that of New York, are her citizens. Technically alone they are not, and the voice they ought to have in her affairs is confided to ruffians who know little and care less about her welfare.

Our proposition is, that non-resident American citizens who do business in New York—including all who pay office-rent or are employed in any permanent business, and who shall be required to pay a poll-tax here—shall be entitled to vote for municipal officers, their votes for state and national officers, of course, being cast at the place of their residence. This would certainly transfer the majority in local elections to the hands of those interested in good government. How many of these non-residents there may be we have no exact means of determining, but

they may be safely estimated at from thirty to fifty thousand—probably nearly half of the present number of voters in the city. On matters of party politics there would, of course, prevail among them no such harmony of views as to justify partisan opposition on this score; on local interests alone could they be relied upon as sure to act in concert. That they would do this, and would prove a sufficient reinforcement to the friends of good order already in the city to wrest power permanently from the corrupt hands in which it is now lodged and utterly destroy the "rings," there can be, we think, no room for doubt. The new element, moreover, would be safe from corrupting influences, not less from the character of the men who compose it than from their inaccessibility to the managing ward politicians, who would in no long time become, if not an extinct, an impotent race.

There are objections to non-resident voters which may be urged against any scheme of this kind; but they are certainly of less weight than those which obtain against the practical abrogation of representative government which seems the only alternative. Justice to the business interests of the class on whom we would confer the new franchise, the benefits the city would experience from their rule, practical good results of every sort to which only theoretical difficulties can be opposed—all combine to make some provision of this kind worth the consideration of the Constitutional Convention.

SUMPTUARY LAWS AND RIOTS.

AN ancient statute which forbids an Englishman to be served with more than two courses at dinner or supper is said to be still unrepealed. This statute—10 Ed. III., st. 3—had its origin in a salutary purpose, perhaps did some good in its time, and was doubtless evaded by those who wished and were rich enough to evade it, very much as such a law would be evaded to-day. The fact is that sumptuary laws are of all laws the most inefficacious and most constantly violated. They are, therefore, in accordance with a well-established principle, of all laws the ones to be most carefully avoided, or, if thought indispensable, to be most delicately and cautiously applied. More especially with modern institutions and under representative governments is this reserve indicated as needful; since, frame them as you will, let them be never so ostensibly equal in pressure, they will inevitably press lightly on the rich and heavily on the poor. There can be no doubt of the theoretical excellence and desirability of many sumptuary laws. Nine out of ten of us, for example, would be better in a sanitary point of view if compelled to leave the dinner table hungry. Most people eat too much, drink too much, and sleep too much. Nearly all who use tobacco or other narcotics or stimulants use more of them than is wholesome. Few take as much exercise, either physical or intellectual, as they ought to take. The great majority of mankind are in sober truth mere grown-up children, and would be better off in some respects for gentle but regular coercion in all personal habits and discipline. The objection, however, to applying this coercion is that its subjects, if better off in some respects, would be worse off in more respects. They would cease to think for themselves, since others would do all their thinking for them, and their minds would become weakened and emasculated. Their notions of right and wrong would become confused as they lost the habit of making selection, they would cease to have aspirations for virtue, liberty, and enlightenment; and, in a word, their progression would first be arrested and paralyzed, and would then become retrogression. We often see individuals whom we know would be better for positive restraint—dipsomaniacs, for instance, or even indolent, grumbling, self-indulgent women, whom we feel ought to be driven by main force to bracing exercise and wholesome labor. But we cannot make fish of part of the community and flesh of another; and the good of individuals, however desirable, cannot be made paramount to the good of all. This is the manifest objection in brief to Maine Laws and all similar semi-despotic enactments. We look at a solitary drunkard and think that law a good thing; we look at the whole community and we know it to be a bad thing.

The Sunday law as applied to our metropolitan district, like other sumptuary laws, will do some good and more harm. It certainly should not be repealed under the threat of riot, but it should be repealed at the first expedient opportunity. The floating, irresponsible population of New York is a great deal too ready to mutter threats of riot, and its last lesson, although sharp, was perhaps not quite conclusive. The mob was master for three days at all events, and with better organization might have kept its ascendancy much longer. Mob spirit in New York owes its force and bitterness to a circumstance often lost sight of, but which is of the greatest importance. The instigators of the Astor Place riots of 1849—the men who paid the money which bought the dreadful bloodshed which followed—escaped the punishment of their crime, and have not yet been brought to justice. An idea of impunity has thus been suggested—a notion that men may do what they will provided that they only act in masses—which the thousand lives sacrificed in our last great riot and the sharp sentences of Mr. Hoffman have not altogether obliterated. We do not wish to see the liquor and beer shops opened, then, through fear of consequences on the part of the rabble. We would rather see the authorities strengthened in every possible manner, and the law kept just as it is until all threatening has died away and all conspiracy has been foiled, or until those things have come to a head with appropriate consequences. Thereafter the law should be repealed or so amended as to operate, as in England, by closing the drinking places only during the hours of divine service. We think the latter compromise the best possible for this community. It enforces a given and visible respect for the day, and at the same time avoids that degree of interference with the scanty relaxations of our laboring classes which has produced such widespread and, so long as it does not seek expression in physical resistance, such justifiable discontent.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

ANNIVERSARY week brought its usual accompaniments. The flood-gates of heaven were opened, and amid rain and tempest earnest-minded country folk tramped, moist and steamy, from stage to car. If a brief interval of sunshine came between the showers, fair "Friends," clad in colors delicate as their complexions, peered with mingled curiosity and dismay at the alarming bonnets and still more alarming young ladies in Broadway, stood in trepidation at the corner of the street, and accepted with a gentle air of gratified surprise the escort of the polite policemen who led them across to Stewart's. Of all the societies who crowd their meetings into this week, valuable as have been their labors and interesting as may be their reports, none have for years attracted so much attention as those—so closely associated by sympathy and community of leaders—the "Anti Slavery Society" and the "Women's," now called "Equal Rights Association." The majority of mankind look with complacent indifference on the labors of reformers. Content to assume that the progress of truth is inevitable, they forget how such progress may be retarded by the apathy or forwarded by the zeal of the individual. A cultivated taste is too often offended by the violence and exaggeration displayed by certain classes of uneducated people who are always ready to wage war against the existing order of things. The necessity for popularizing ideas in order to propagate them as often compels men of high aims to talk down to the level of their audience. They grow weary in time of appealing to their listeners' reason, and, like actors, fall into a habit of making points, in order to call forth applause which they may despise, but which offers a tempting stimulus to their flagging energies. Yet such evils, though grave, are not sufficient to outweigh the good—in fact, the vital necessity in an age when questions can no longer be silenced by authority—of popular movements.

Thirty years is a short time in which to have effected the overthrow of that anachronism in the present civilization—slavery. Custom and convenience had deafened the ears to which its indomitable opponents long shouted in vain. But had they been silent, who can tell how long the change, though inevitable, had been delayed? Ten, five years ago, what never-failing amusement was found in the vagaries of a "Woman's Rights" convention! Now, "Shall Women Vote?" is regarded as a question fairly open for national discussion both here and in Eng-

land. Shall not the eloquence, talent, and, above all, the steady determination of those who in the face of ridicule and bitter opposition yearly reiterate their arguments, have credit for the change? Time has thinned the flowing locks of the broad-brimmed, white-collared enthusiasts who stood years ago beside Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Ernestine Rose, and numerous less conspicuous but equally earnest supporters of their cause. A more incongruous admixture of sects and purposes could scarcely, perhaps, have been found than at the early meetings of the various reformers who have since consolidated into two powerful associations. But earnest work generally brings its return, and those who steadily seek after truth, even by the most adventurous explorations, will usually be rewarded by finding at least some precious fragment of it. The aims of the early agitators have become more sober and practical, and now, when Susan Anthony, always steady and clear, quietly conducts the business of a meeting, she is not compelled to endure the jeers of an audience who consider the whole scene as nothing more than a legitimate excuse for laughter.

The example of the crowd who followed Peter the Hermit warned, but did not discourage, the armies of the Cross who pressed after, and finally reached the Holy City; and the desultory march of the reformers who have struck out in all directions has served to widen the path of progress along which the world slowly marches. Truths patent to philosophers require a wearisome repetition before they can reach the understanding of the ignorant. Reformers stand between the two, and perpetually trouble the waters of a society which needs movement to retain life.

FREAKISHNESS.

FREAKISH people are not troubled with the fear of what Mrs. Grundy may say; if, indeed, they are not glad to have that old lady make them the subject of her special observation. Courting public notice is a somewhat bold behavior, and Freakishness has in its nature a certain audacity. It is quite as freely given to bearding common notions as to consorting with uncommon ones. The etymologists tell us that the word has its Anglo-Saxon ancestor with a significance of boldness.

When Shelley outraged the notions of a Christian community by writing "Atheist" after his name in such places as hotel registers, we may say he was freakish, if we do not give it a harsher name; and he was certainly audacious, as a part of that freakishness. Scott doubtless thought as much of Byron when he heard that his lordship longed for an opportunity to show his friendliness by getting drunk with him! There was an audacity in most of Burns's vagaries that put them in much the same category. Swift was audacity itself, and when the humor was on he balked at nothing. When Pope and Gay came in upon him one evening, after they had taken their supper, Swift reckoned up what it would have cost him had they come hungry, and then handed over to his visitors the money, saying he would not be the gainer by their precautions. That was a freak with all the elements of social audacity. A lesser man than the Dean could not have done it without endangering friendly relations, and similar boldness did not always pass by with even him without a rupture. Social intercourse rarely brooks preposterous conduct, however attractive and piquant the anecdote may be to us after it has passed into biography.

It is told of Balzac that, when he had long been importuned by his publisher to complete a work, he clandestinely occupied himself in elaborating the necessary conclusion, and committed it to memory; so that when he had made a great show of repentance, and had ordered a score of compositors to be ready for "copy," he sat down in the printing-office and surprised all by the terrible alacrity with which he threw off his well-ordered periods and kept everybody busy. Here was freakishness with a touch of this same bold presumption, and an audacious confidence in the success of the deceit. So, again, when Coleridge, at his wit's ends, went into the dragoons as Silas Tomken Comberbach, there was a degree of preposterous assurance in the disguise which necessitated the other learned effrontery—for one in his assumed rank—which secured his release. There was, indeed, a dauntlessness about the whole proceeding that does not badly comport with that untrammelled exercise of mental powers that we now associate with his name. For a man of his intellectual eminence deliberately to consign himself to a horse and a barrack, was as near as may be to that erratic audacity which goes to make up freakishness. The man who tempts the arctic night or the equatorial jungle we call a bold man, for he confronts elements that are at enmity with his normal condition

of body; and it had been foolhardiness but for a determinate gain to the circle of human knowledge as a goal. Thus temerity may become ennobled by accomplishments. But there is something of rashness, not compensated by the motive, in a great intellect in some wild mood plunging into what is, for it, a worse than arctic frigidity—a realm of numbness; and a worse than torrid malaria where vulgar torpidity is in the air,—down in regions far below its natural level. Audacity is spiced with a relish of complacent superiority; and freakishness, however unaccountable to reason, implies not a little of paramount wilfulness. It is this, which is doubtless the saving grace, which works exemption from complete contamination in such self-abasement.

When De Quincey moodily gave himself up to hypochondria, or to something not unlike it, and lived a twelvemonth without exchanging word with mortal, it was not exactly one of the "freaks of graceful folly" (in Wordsworth's phrase), for there was little grace of any kind in the matter; yet it was freakish, as a wilful vagary must be, and audacious, as all hermitizing in a great measure is. To confront a blank existence, deprived of social amenities, will craze a coward. Thoreau in his Walden shed knew that he could go to the village and find welcome if he would; and his eccentric life failed in being freakish just in proportion as it wanted audacity to hedge himself about unapproachably. It was much the same with Percival, the poet, jealously guarding the door of his sanctum, and shivering for an hour in the entry, to complete his interview with a caller, rather than expose to view the interior of his apartment. So Dr. Holmes in his *Little Boston* has delineated an eccentric but hardly a freakish character. Turner, the Pre-Ruskinite, with all his vagaries and erratic separations of life, hardly reached freakishness, for he wanted the dogmatic assurance of that phase. Abernethy, jealous of his prerogative if you undertook to enlighten him on your physical condition, since he saw what others were wont to hear of; who never had a patient so much to his liking as one daily stretching his hand out for his pulse and opening his mouth for his tongue to be seen only, not heard; who if he spoke practised laconisms, as when he told a rich victim of the gout to live on a sixpence and earn it—Abernethy was too well organized to be a freakish man; his intellect was too equivoiced ever to let mere will surprise it.

Freakishness is in its nature inconstant, intermittent, abrupt, not regular even in its irregularities. Men who have ecrotchets are seldom freakish, for they depend upon a constitutional bias. Voltaire's audacity was too thoughtful and determinate to be merely wilful; and when he printed a book eschewing all capitals save at the beginning of sentences, and writing *rome, paris*, etc., he was simply ecrotchety, not freakish. When Scribe determined to make the initial letters of his dramas' names complete the alphabet he was more fanciful even than ecrotchety, since it was a pure notion, without even a shadow of reason back of it. Literary history is full of examples of the notional, which is distinguished from the freakish by an absence of picturesqueness. Let us be understood. A freakish man is at bottom usually a sensible one, except in his erratic intervals. The surprise and audacity of the exceptional act is set off by a background of sense, that reciprocally enhances the correlation, and makes what in scenery or grouping we call picturesqueness. Balzac in his poverty-stricken chamber eating off plate has this contrast of freakishness. Young nurturing his gloom by writing in the light of a candle fixed in a skull is notional, rather. Donne having his portrait taken in the guise of death, and keeping it at his bedside as a reminder of his mortality, is too logical to be freakish; and not sufficiently so to remove him from the range of a sort of grave whimsicality.

Freakishness is never a vassalage to hallucination. Men like Fourier, Rousseau, Haydon have simply the mental action thrown out of gear. There is no considerable audacity about them, nor any spontaneous wilfulness. Some of the vagaries of Dr. Johnson are of a like sort, such as his constantly and superstitiously putting the same foot forward in leaving his door, and never omitting to touch every stone post in a certain locality as he passed along, or, if he made an omission, going back to restore the sequence. Assuetude, however strange, is not freakishness, which is never dependable, nor deductive. It was no freak in Voltaire storming like a hurricane if he chanced to have the wrong cup put before him at table. The outburst would have been prevented had the misplacement been discovered. No precaution can ensure against a freak.

More perverseness is an erraticalness that sometimes looks like freakishness.

"So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong."

But this is the regularity of contrariety, and is reducible to a rationale, while freakishness never is. Even capriciousness can have a sort of mapping out, and there is something like order in its passage, however eccentric. When a capricious man professes a strong like of this or that, we can calculate with some precision on a revulsion and an equally strong dislike; but freakishness is beyond all calculation. Diogenes in his tub was a calculable quality, and that search with a lantern for an honest man was a foregone conclusion with the seeker. Richter's vagaries were deducible, and he was simply singular, *Der Einige*. Not that freakishness is collective, for it is not. The Euphuists, the frequenters of the Hôtel Rambouillet, were not a freakish crowd, however out of nature their characteristics. Molière, in his *Précieuses Ridicules*, had not this trait to deal with. Nor can we have a national freakishness properly. Emerson says of England: "I know not where any personal eccentricity is so freely allowed, and no man gives himself any concern with it. As the Englishman has been doing this for several generations, it is now in his blood." Freakish people may conglomerate, but each must of himself be independent.

READING FOR CHILDREN.

NEXT to more pocket-money and more license to go out in the evening than they can properly have, children want something to read which is bright without being silly, and sensible without being stupid and dull. There is not much possible variation in methods of drilling the alphabet and the one-syllable modes into young heads so long as the heads themselves escape actual harm; nor is there much room for choice between rival versions of *Mother Goose*; but when a broader age is reached there is a fitter field for the deepest and most poetic natures than most people have dreamed. As anybody who had broken down in everything else could teach a district school, so anybody could at least write a child's book and almost everybody has tried it. But as many excellent men and preachers miserably fail in talking to children, so many well-meaning persons of both sexes fail in writing a juvenile book. With equally mistaken notions, we have always forced upon children on Sundays the hard words of the Catechism, dealing with the profoundest mysteries of the Christian religion, and on week-days have swung as far in the opposite direction and have given them wishy-washy stuff which, had it any force, would turn their growth backwards upon itself. The doctrinal tenets which we never comprehend we have made children commit to memory with all their words which have four syllables and end in "-ation," and, on the other hand, have given them too largely a class of books which make of childhood an unhealthy monstrosity, while, at the same time, we ignored the qualities of fancy and exaggeration which have in childhood their natural and happy play. Mr. Brocklehurst, in *Jane Eyre*, tells of his little boy who always preferred to learn a verse of a psalm to having a gingerbread-nut to eat, because angels sing psalms. The story is not spoiled by the additional remark that then the child got two nuts in recompense for his infant piety, for children learn hypocrisy as easily as their instructors practice it.

The conventional Good Little Boy is figured by the cherub sometimes chiselled on the stone under which he is always laid, this cherub being all head—nothing but rickets and hydrocephalus—and wings, with an almost invisible body and attenuated legs. He is a boy who always likes to stay in the house better than to play; who is always clean and lily-faced; who remembers the text and most of the sermon when he gets home from church, and has committed to memory the first forty chapters of the Old Testament in a single week. Of course he dies young, and a stone cherub and a memoir are all that is left of him, the painful conclusion being that there was really no use in his attempting to live at all. Let the distinction be squarely made. The genuine, healthy boy rolls in clean dirt till his playtime gives place to washing; he does not love psalms better than anything else; he does make mischief and prove the original Adam, and if this is to be a prosperous and healthy nation it must not make its children morally and mentally dyspeptic.

The two rare books, *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Arabian Nights*, hold their place by a sort of divine right, and probably can never be displaced; but the hard utilitarianism of the age has tried to proscribe the whole class of fairy stories, and is in a great hurry to tell children that Santa Claus does not come down the chimney. Of course, *Robinson Crusoe* has made many a discontented boy think of running away to sea who afterwards did it, and on reading *Aladdin* a child will want a wonderful lamp. All

this is involved in the risks of childhood, and cannot be avoided without ignoring the nature of the child, who will see figures in the clouds and will imagine the stars are God's eyes, even if he is taught that fairies don't exist and angels stay in heaven; while the sole advantage of such training is to make his adult life certainly a desert, and his childhood the unhappiest part of all. We are not all of us poets, surely; but we are more or less poetic in our young days. Children ask questions that check our tongues in very awe; they mingle the fanciful and the purely grotesque so oddly that every household keeps its own collection of juvenalia; they never reason, but go by intuition directly to the root of things. And if they are not suffered to think that angels are around their pillows, they will certainly imagine bugaboos.

Mr. Jacob Abbott has been for many years almost a monopolist in the department of juvenile books, and it would be rash to hazard a conjecture as to how much the Harpers alone have paid him. He has succeeded in interesting children, and his volumes while away an hour of at least one adult better than a great many newspapers. Scarcely any fault can be found with his moral, and his matter is generally both attractive and instructive; but he often bumbles by trying to be too instructive, and his manner is sometimes execrable. Why should children be crammed with mere words, in a fashion such as when one calls a coach thus?

"Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And let the man that calleth be the caller,
And when he calleth let him nothing call
But coach, coach, coach! O for a coach, ye gods!"

And we recall a scene from one of the *Rollo Books* like this. Rollo and James, having each earned some money, find that one has twenty-three cents and the other twenty-one, and, unlike grown children, they wish to be even; so thus:

"James.—'I might give you two cents, and then you will have twenty-three, too.'

"Rollo.—'No, because then you will only have twenty-one instead of me.'

"Mrs. Holiday (who has heard the discussion, looking out of the window).—'You might give Rollo one of yours, James, and then you will each have twenty-two.'

"Thereupon they both agreed to this, and thought it an excellent plan!"

Now find two children, outside of the asylum for feeble-minded youths and idiots, who could not settle such a question as this. You can't do it! Then, if children's books are to record children's sayings and doings, let them have at least a bowing acquaintance with nature. Very much better than all this drivel are the quaint, weird tales of dear old Hans Christian Andersen who has been so delightfully sketched by J. Ross Browne, and seems as unique as his wonderful tales. They are delicate vapor which the hot sun of mature life will soon enough raise from the heads of children; but they are natural mists, not heavy artificial smoke.

Of course we must not pass by the rival juvenile periodicals, upon which the most noted presses in the country try all their resources of beauty. The first wonder about *Our Young Folks* was that so wide and inexhaustible a field had never been filled before, instead of being left to such feeble publications as *Merry's Museum*, which nevertheless many of us can remember with half incredulity that we ever did think so much of so small a thing. *Our Young Folks* erred at first in being too old for many of its readers and too stilted for all. I particularly protest against the contributions of Rev. John Weira, who is excellent in his place, and of Captain Mayne Reid, of whom there is not so much seen as at first; with all his reputation as a writer of fascinating narratives of adventure, he is polysyllabic in an absurd degree. For instance, if he wanted to tell the children that the persons of his story didn't know what to do, instead of saying so, he would say that they were totally unable to determine with any certainty what course of conduct the emergency required. Miss Prescott also, who writes well in Saxon, but also has a fatal fondness for stringing together garlands of sickly-sweet verbiage, made a similar failure with her first contribution, which in point of style was an excellent example of what a story for children should not be. *The Riverside Magazine* begins well, with faultless full-page illustrations, and a story by its editor in the first number—*Mr. Grash's Cat*—which, like some of its successors, reminds one of Hans Christian Andersen himself.

After all, there are not yet precisely the books that are wanted, because the work of producing them is undervalued. There are no keener, no more subtle critics than children; and none quicker to penetrate shams or more sincere to despise them. Why are children direct in their application of things they hear, wonderfully acute with their questions, truthful with their tongues, and full of honest expectation which never counts upon such things as lying and false appearances until experi-

ence makes them? Why do we involuntarily look upon them as pure, as almost of another race, and why do we associate innocence with a childlike condition? There is no possible answer except that children are later from God than adult people. Tom Hood, in his pretty and tender little poem, laments that he knows himself

"... farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

And, notwithstanding the affectation in its title, Mr. Aldrich's *Babie Bell* suggests an almost veritable truth as to how children come to this world and whence they come.

So there is no better audience for any reader or writer, none who have either heartier appreciation or sounder criticism, though it does rest on intuition which they cannot explain. A better class of authors is needed. Let Mr. Mitchell, Miss Alcott, Mrs. Akers, Rose Terry, Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Longfellow, or Mr. Whittier, for once at least, bring before their eyes a waiting assemblage of younger and rounder faces. It is not stooping to conquer. You shall govern the world with less wisdom than it takes to train up one child as Solomon directed. Every poetic faculty, every delicacy of fancy, every skill in sweet and simple English undefiled is wanted, and our best authors are not too good. Charles Kingsley did not think it beneath him to write *Water-Babies*, although it would have been a better book if he could have forgotten for a little time that he is a sworn controvertist. Is it a business for young girls and disappointed women? Reverend scholar, what vitality in human affairs have your studies? In this world you will never know, much less expound, the origin of sin or the mystery of election and free-will. You do not think it for no purpose that we are commanded to repent and become as little children; then consider whether it were not better to try to form the soul aright than to grope for the point of its origin. Poet, do not be ignorant that in the little ones there is the very poetry of nature, yet clinging to them as the foam of the sea clung to Venus when she arose from the waves. Give children poetry, but let it be poetry for juveniles, not juvenile poetry.

PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

MR. T. S. NOBLE, whose ambition "o'erleaped itself" in the large, conventional, and crude picture of the "Slave Market" exhibited by him last year on the walls of the Academy, is not altogether devoid of promise, as we judge from a cabinet picture of his in the present exhibition, "Margaret Garner" (234). The incident represented is, we presume, some local one, the key to which is negro slavery as it lately existed at the South. There is a dead negro with the life-blood streaming from his wounds. A melodramatic negress, with lips drawn back like those of a panther about to spring, stands in a denouncing attitude over the body. There is a rush of white men in at the door. Every eyeball is strained to a painful degree of intensity. Teeth are gnashing; hands are clenching. The intensity of passion in all the characters is strangely forced and unnatural, and the drama rendered feeble and even ludicrous by the rant of the tragedian. Had the action been less forced, the picture might have been a good one. There is motive in it, and a gleam of promise that Mr. Noble, with faithful study in the right direction, may yet achieve success in this line of art. In his large marine picture, "Point Judith, R. I." (419), Mr. M. H. Heade is weak as to composition, though he has succeeded in producing some good effects. Another picture, by the same artist, a "Lagoon in Nicaragua" (231), has miasma enough about it to induce low fevers in the gallery. The attempt to individualize details of vegetation is a mistake into which this artist seems to have consciously drifted, and out of which it would be well for him to steer while there is yet time.

"A Mountain Stream" (214), by Mr. R. W. Hubbard, is commendable for excellent study of tree forms and leafage, and the autumnal tints are managed with a due regard for harmony of color. In his "Van Amburgh" (193), as in his "Dorothea," to which we have already referred, Mr. G. C. Lambdin has not been faithful to his promise of former years. Passable as it may be in color, this picture is feeble in drawing as in character, and it is difficult to discern a parallel between the late famous lion-tamer, from whom it derives its title, and a small boy holding a harmless calf by the ear. Objections have sometimes been urged to the exhibition of foreign pictures at the annual Academy exhibitions, on the score, if candid acknowledgment could be obtained, that the artists of the European schools sometimes produce works that are superior to those of American origin. Small cause of alarm arises on this head from "The Watzmann, in the Königssee" (188), by Professor A. Leu. The crow-

elling of this picture—for we can call its manipulation by no more appropriate name—is crude and coarse to an extent that makes us wonder, first, why Leu ever attempted to paint landscape, and next, why this specimen of his plaster-work was placed on the Academy walls. As we turn from it we light upon a "Cat and Kittens" (192), painted by Mr. G. B. Butler, Jr., and painted with much force and character, too, though rather heavily loaded for a picture which, being of small cabinet size, is liable to scrutiny from a near point of view. "A Dog's Head" (582), by the same artist, is remarkable for spirit, giving promise of future success in the representation of animal character. The eccentricities of Mr. George Inness are conspicuous in his picture, "The Signal" (457). Here we have rich color with a total absence of motive in forms; a luminous glow of twilight in the sky, and a curious jumble of nothing in particular on the land. In "Venice in Tricolors" (337) Mr. C. P. Cranch has exhausted a brilliant palette with but small effect. Compare the Venetian scenes of this artist with one by Ziem, now in the collection at Goupil's, and you will see how feeble and how strong may be the effects produced by the same colors, touched on and blended by different hands. "The Bridge of Sighs" (382), from the same pencil, has points that are commendable, the architecture being rendered with observation and care.

The vice-president of the Academy, Mr. H. P. Gray, is less felicitous in the allegorical than in subjects trending toward matter of fact. In "St. Christopher, or the Burden of Humanity" (516), he has given us an academical study of the nude and athletic, the sentiment of which is lost in the substance. The best of the four pictures contributed by Mr. Gray to this exhibition is "Coleridge's Genevieve" (327), which, however, has more the air of a fancy portrait than of what it rather should have been—an idealization inspired by the great "laker's" charming poem. Mr. John La Farge, who gave much promise three or four years ago, especially as a colorist, has wrought but little at his art for some time past, owing, as we are sorry to be informed, to delicate health. His contributions to this year's exhibition, therefore, are but slight, consisting chiefly of flower-subjects painted for decorative panels, and in these his feeling for rich color prevails. A very meagre "Morning Study—Newport, R. I." (352), by this artist, has oddly enough been placed very conspicuously on the line of honor, a position to which it is in no way entitled. A very ambitious composition by Mr. Edwin White is the picture entitled "The Trial of St. Stephen before the Council of the Sanhedrim" (471). The subject is one most difficult of treatment, and we cannot think that the artist has grappled successfully with the difficulties in his attempt, his power of drawing not being equal to the rendering of the action meant. The same weakness is obvious in this artist's "Grandpapa's Pet" (391), the types of character in which are poor in themselves and poorly drawn. But in this picture there is a wonderfully well-painted effect of sunlight streaming into an apartment and gilding the objects around. In the "October" (393) of Mr. J. W. Ehninger we have a harvest scene in which the great yellow pumpkins focus the general color of the landscape, though not with a thoroughly harmonious effect. The bright orange of the great national gourd predominates too much, even to the extent of being obtrusive to the eye. Far more successful is Mr. Ehninger in "English Village Politicians" (248). Here there is excellent character, evidently studied from the living material; and although some faults in the drawing may be discerned here and there, yet is the picture a very meritorious one for selection of types as well as for the fidelity with which they have been rendered. An "Evening on the Alleghany" (381), by Mr. W. H. Wilson, is a pleasant pastoral landscape in which nature's repose is rendered with feeling and power. The prevailing green is perhaps of too vivid a hue, and the picture, therefore, one of those that will acquire fuller value from time.

SUNDAY.

SUNDAY always presents itself to our minds under one of two aspects: a baking sun glaring down on the dusty, desolate pavement, or a pitiless northeaster blowing the said dust into our eyes, between our teeth, over our hair, as we hurry along the streets prim and shiny and rather late for church. Everything disagreeable, depressing, irritating seems to attach to the remembrance of Sunday. In winter the coldest, in summer the hottest states of atmosphere usually prevail during those hours which we would wish to abstract from the worldliness of our lives; and, between late breakfasts and crowded cars, we generally manage to begin the day in a temper which, if we were not so used to it, would seem positively shocking. Truly, our Protestant faith sits hardly upon us.

We go to church in a frame of mind which, to say the least, is not ennobling, and we come out with an uneasy feeling that we ought to go again, but we can't make up our mind to do that, neither can we determine to make the rest of the day really a holiday, and so a variety of compromises are effected. Some people sit at home and grimly abstain from every kind of occupation save eating. Some elderly gentlemen smoke all day, many young gentlemen pay visits, nearly all young ladies receive visitors; but each and all, whatever they do, go about with an interior conviction that it is wrong, and that some day the inevitable consequences of wrongdoing will fall upon them. The vividness and strength of such conviction vary with the age, sex, and development of the individual, but no Protestant can be without it. The strong sense of individual responsibility to a Divine law, which is the essence of Protestantism, seems brought to bear with inexorable severity on the observance of the Sabbath. During the week, can our mercantile life be held to prove that such a sense is strong within us? If a candid savage were able to observe at once two communities, Catholic and Protestant, he would probably infer that the former served the Good Spirit and the latter the Evil One. The one appears cheerful and content, while the other is morose and fretful. The gayety of Continental cities may betray a frivolity which is distasteful to us, the decorum of our own may conceal vice that is far worse. In Edinburgh, in London, in New York, what uniformity of spirit prevails! only modified in expression by the difference in population. In Edinburgh, on Sunday, the sun scarcely seems to shine. "Arthur's Seat" frowns blackly over the city, fierce dust-laden winds blow furiously up and down the wide streets, as if to compel pedestrians into the churches or down "Leith Walk" into the sea. The congregations disperse and reassemble with wonderful quickness, and the sound of their vigorous singing fills the ears of the city till far into the night. In Edinburgh there is no struggle against the pervasive gloom, unless it be in secret. In London people go out and seek to refresh their toil-worn minds and bodies by change of scene. There can be little pleasure in walking about streets whose ugliness receives the finishing stroke from the closing of the shop-windows. The parks are charming for those who live near or who can afford to drive to them, but they are a weary distance from the cheap lodgings of the poor artisan's family, and their only relief lies in a railway excursion into the country. Unfortunately, the conviction that these enjoyments are not quite right renders those who partake of them a little reckless, and the scene at an East-end railway station when "the excursionists" return in the evening is often a sad confusion of drunkenness and blasphemy, tired women and screaming children.

After the brief bustle caused by the simultaneous outpouring of all the congregations from Trinity's orthodoxy to the ardent progressionists of Dodworth's Hall, New York, equally with London, can claim to be recognized as a model of Protestant propriety. Not a refuge is to be found from the heat and glare and noisome odors of the dusty street save a chance cigar-stand or, perhaps, a small news-shop. An open museum, picture gallery, or public library would be a sin in a Protestant city where the only lawful rival to the church has been, until recently, the corner grocery. New York, however, has greatly the advantage of London in the numerous ferries-boats that carry her tired workers over the surrounding waters in every direction. Far down the bay to Coney Island, across the North River to Hoboken or Fort Lee, up the East River to King's Bridge—on every side the poor can escape from the heated town and enjoy a blessed rest, strolling over or lying down on the soft turf. With the exception of the Germans, however, who, cheerfully or stolidly indifferent to criticism, follow the customs of the Fatherland in their new home, and betake themselves in family parties to various favorite spots, the majority of Sunday holiday-makers are decidedly "rowdy." The feeling of the community is against any kind of Sunday amusement, and the class who need it most, the striving, rising, ambitious young people, are constrained to make the day on which they need recreation as well as rest merely a grey blank—a dull gap between the weeks. For our own parts, we do not think the Germans wicked or disreputable because they are happy on Sunday. We do not imagine that the Parisians are utterly lost because they sit all the evening eating ices and chatting in the Champs Elysées, or return from an excursion outside the Barrière laughing and singing and perfectly sober; but we have made a law of the Sabbath which is Judaic and not Christian, and our consciences are educated to observe it. A gradual alteration in this respect might be produced—an alteration which would ameliorate the condition of a multitude of intelligent and overworked people in the large cities if the museums, picture galleries,

and public libraries were thrown open after morning service. But legislators, church elders, influential people generally, are slow to perceive or to credit that the poorer classes need recreation on their one holiday. Prosperous men of wealth and position find so much excitement in their daily lives, are so distracted by the various claims upon their attention, that the rare quiet of a home, full of a thousand attractions for their leisure, has its sufficient charm. They do not want to go about sight-seeing on the day of rest; they think it wrong, abominable! They like much to observe the minor moralities, to pay "tithe of mint and all manner of herbs," if they do sometimes neglect the higher matters of the law, and they rigorously bind the burden of dullness on their less fortunate neighbors in the great cities. In the inevitable reaction caused by excessive rigor, drinking becomes the prevailing vice—the one solace of the poor man which no law can prevent his obtaining, because, although the sale of liquor may be prohibited, the law can easily be evaded. In Edinburgh, the people drink frightfully in their houses; the Londoners, during their excursion trips; in New York or Boston, are things much better? Perhaps it would be worth while to try if the sober attractions of museums and lectures could not aid the good work done by Central Park, and draw people away from such demoralizing scenes as are too often to be witnessed at Jones's Wood or the Elysian Fields or on the Bloomingdale Road on Sunday afternoons.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.

NO. I.—EPISCOPAL JOURNALISM.

WHEN so much attention is paid by each denomination of Christians to religious journalism, it is well at times to consider what a religious newspaper should be. If we looked in existing journals for an ideal of newspaper excellence in this direction, we should fail to give a suitable definition. They each have such particular ends to serve that they come far short of what is demanded of them by all classes of readers. Admitting, as in the present divisions of Christendom we must, that newspapers must be denominational, the first quality in a religious journal should be that it sets forth the standard of the body which it professes to serve. This must be its theology. Its next point should be fresh and full news of religious work in its own body. Then, in our opinion, it should give considerable space to the work being done in other religious bodies, so that its readers, on the supposition that they each take but this one journal, may be able to make an honest and fair estimate of what others are doing. This would go far to dissipate the wretched conceit of each sect that its own banner is alone the true rallying point of Christians. But such a newspaper goes into the family. It is intended as a religious educational organ. It must, therefore, avoid controversy and contain considerable general and devotional reading. It must be in part a children's paper; and this is a strong point, because if children are taught in the family to read carefully the weekly paper, they are being educated to understand religious subjects. In its general character it ought to be one of the best critics of the general and religious literature of the day. It should be so honest in saying what a book is that any person can tell from reading the notice whether he wants the book or not. It should be mercilessly severe on what is the mere froth and foam of sensational literature. With such provisions, the newspaper would be an indispensable help in family education. In all its departments it should be fearless, outspoken, faultlessly honest, and if possible in the vanguard of the communion which it serves. We have no faith in the combining of religious with political teachings, or religious with secular news, in the same journal. The union results, like all attempts of religious bodies to work in concert, in giving to the most absorbing—which is usually the secular—element the chief share of attention. And, finally, it is imperative that men of the best minds and others of the best business capacity, supported by contributors who can use the pen cleverly, should be at the head of each journal.

To apply the above tests to our religious journals may seem cruel, but in the cause of honesty it becomes necessary. And first, to notice a few leading organs of different denominations, we shall take *The Independent*, which was for years their most prominent representative. It has employed the best talent of the land. It has gained an enormous circulation. Its business management has been excellent. It has been fearless and even truculent. It has commanded readers among every shade of Christians. It has been the wonder of the land. But in its turn it has advocated nearly every heresy known in Christendom. It has been true to nothing but a political party. It has now urged its literary contribu-

tors, now its financial articles, and again its printed sermons, and then its political power, as an inducement to subscribers. The amount of plain and consistent family religious teaching which it has contained in recent days could be comprised within a very small space. It represented no denomination squarely and honestly. News was not its object. It prostituted its enormous influence to low and party ends. In miseducating people as to the true ends of Christian journalism it has done a vast amount of mischief. It has also probably done more than any other religious paper to generate scepticism among believers. In short, it became so notoriously a religious humbug that, with an unwonted sense of propriety, it has at last relinquished the pretence of being religious at all.

Another journal which is following in the same wake, though wanting something of the political ardor of *The Independent*, is *The Methodist*. The mission of this journal is Methodism; it has a larger scope, in giving considerable secular intelligence and a very pronounced opinion on the political questions of the day from a quasi-Christian point of view. It also, like *The Independent*, gives some little news of other bodies. Its literary notices—unlike *The Independent's*, whose practice in this respect has at last been exposed—are decent; its children's department is excellent; its selections are readable; but its editorials incline to the sensational. Much of its writing is very raw, and it resorts to sensational sermons and a large amount of secular matter to gain subscribers. We have had occasion to praise the exceptional ability of *The Methodist* among religious papers; but while it certainly is a shrewdly-managed sensational newspaper, zealously devoted to Methodism, it would be hard to define its religious value.

Another journal, which invites attention from its size, age, and pretensions, is *The Observer*. This is both religious and secular. It aims to be a thoroughly acceptable family newspaper. It gives a large amount of pleasant and often judiciously selected, if none of the freshest, home reading. It well represents the religious body to which it belongs. It has able contributors and editors along with others whose prosiness is exceeded only by their pompous vanity. It has a strong religious element which any Christian would prize. It gives a good amount of religious news; it aims to give the doings of all religious bodies. But, whether intentionally or not, it habitually misrepresents nearly every religious body from whose organs it quotes, even in its news items. It does not give the news which is representative. It prints the mean and dirty things, which ought never to see the light in any journal, as specimens of its neighbors' doings. Its boasted catholicity is in this respect a sham. A well-digested news column would be worth something if it were honestly done; but a farrago of brief excerpts cannot but misrepresent and embitter Christians toward each other. Its literary criticisms are indolently respectable, and could be improved. In its editorial columns, and indeed all over the paper, there is a general flabbiness. Its ability lacks concentration. The reader does not carry away distinct and strong impressions from its columns. Then its hints to farmers, its wise instructions to old ladies, its bits of general knowledge, its pious whines over novel reading, its continual worrying and meddlesomeness, constitute the very height of absurdity for a metropolitan journal in these days.

We have detained the reader too long in our estimate of three influential journals to mention any others than those which are included in the heading of this article. Episcopal journalism is a subject by itself, and yet it is necessary to mention it somewhat in comparison with representative journals, that its good and bad points may stand out strongly. And here it must be said that Churchmen, from their early insulated position after the Revolution, and from their aversion to the large secular element in the religious papers, have until lately undervalued the press as a religious power. They have seen its abuses in a strong light. Hence their own journals have lacked that element which has given life and spice to the religious press. They have kept largely out of controversy, and when they have quarrelled with each other they have generally been decent. They have left their papers to their own merits, and these have generally been slight. The paper was looked upon as an ecclesiastical organ, and as a necessary nuisance. Men who were fit to fill no other post acceptably became editors. If any person of ability connected himself with a paper, he was soon invited to fill a better and certainly more lucrative position. Consequently, none of the Episcopal journals gained more than a bare support. They did not become influential till recently, even in their own communion; and even now we doubt whether the ablest of them is widely known or read beyond the Episcopal circle. They have always abstained almost

entirely from secular intelligence; they have used none of the ingenious devices of religious newspapers for increasing their circulation. They have been respectable, steady, safe, and rather dull. The literary criticisms which have appeared in most of them have been worthless. Yet simply as religious newspapers they will compare to advantage with the religious press in other bodies during the last ten years. They have avoided their errors; they have been positive and clever in the work for which they were intended. But the Episcopal Church has relied less upon the press than upon the careful and laborious efforts of the parish clergy for her work; so that both clergy and laity have prospered even when undervaluing the printed sheet. This neglect of newspapers must appear to every one, as it does to us, an anomaly in these days, especially when we consider the high and thorough education of the clergy and the generous culture of the laity in this body. But, as we have already indicated, the explanation must be sought in the evils into which the religious press has fallen and in the conservative habits of the people, who have grown to feel that Bible and Prayer-book contain an ample and safe guidance, and that an older literature, especially the great body of old English divinity and literature, is superior to the spawn of the daily press. While this explains their conservative slowness to take hold of the press as a religious instrumentality, it also discloses the secret of much of their culture and the positive strength of their teachings.

But a change is rapidly coming over the Episcopal Church, and within the last year—and perhaps we should further say the last five or ten years—its journalism has vastly improved. Both clergy and people have become convinced that the press is a power, and that it is their duty to Christianize its influence; and we should not be surprised if, within the next five years, the Episcopalians did more than any other body of corresponding size in elevating its journalism and in placing it in the hands of its strongest men. If ever the clergy and educated laity can see their duty clearly in this respect, with the high ideas of religious journalism which prevail in this communion this department of intellectual activity will command the best ability in its ranks. We have watched the development of journalism with much curiosity among the Episcopalians, because we have long seen that they have the power when they espouse a measure to carry it to completion, and because they seldom carry on their work so extravagantly that they end in disgusting everybody.

Actual criticism of its journalism will show that its deficiencies are not those which may be chiefly found in the newspaper press of other bodies. *The Church Journal* has been for fifteen years perhaps the leading Episcopal newspaper. Its editor, a gentleman of marked individuality, of great ecclesiastical and statistical knowledge, and of high literary attainments, stands at the head of journalism in his communion. He is no unworthy successor to the Rev. Dr. Seabury, who conducted *The Churchman* for many years. He is a master in editorial writing—crisp, pointed, acute, carrying everything before him. His brief obituary notices of the bishops who have lately died, and indeed nearly all his editorial articles, are models of clear, condensed, graceful composition. His book notices have been the only honest and trustworthy ones which we have seen, until very recently, in Episcopal papers. The news department of this paper is of the highest order. Its selected articles have always been of value to clergymen. In some respects it has been the only true exponent of the best tendencies of the Episcopal Church. It has usually been abreast, if not ahead, of popular feeling, and has had more weight than any other Episcopal journal. Many of the recent movements, such as the division of dioceses and the steps taken for adapting the Episcopal Church to the new condition of affairs since the rebellion, have been initiated by this paper. Its great deficiency is that it is a clergymen's organ; it is too partisan in tone, too strictly ecclesiastical, contains too little general religious reading, to be acceptable in the family. But it is thoroughly edited and has a distinctly pronounced position, and in a certain sense a large popular influence. It is a strong though discriminating advocate of ritualism, and has more force than any similar paper with which we are acquainted.

Another paper, which is singularly well adapted to its mission, is *The American Churchman*, published at Chicago. Its editorial columns are in the hands of the Rev. Dr. Hugh Miller Thompson, who brings to his task a clear understanding of the Episcopal Church as related to the country, and especially as adapted to the West, and an unusual degree of intellectual force. Not a writer of finished culture, he is a careful, well-read scholar, and his articles are doing more, probably, than anything else to mould the opinions of Churchmen in the West. It is

well edited as to Church news, but its family and children's department was till recently, and is even now to some extent, composed of rubbish. It has begun to print well-written literary notices, but, like most of the Episcopal journals, its ignorance of current literature is such as is unpardonable in a family religious educational organ. There is a roughness about the whole sheet that is decidedly Western, but the paper has so much improved within a short time as to justify a hope that even this may be toned down. It is severe upon the ritualists, though it is strong in its presentation of Episcopacy.

Another paper which ranks in the same category with those just named is *The Churchman*, the successor of *The Connecticut Churchman*, which was the successor of *The Calendar*, the weakest and most stupid sheet that ever raised the banner of Episcopacy. *The Churchman* is published at Hartford, and began with the new year. To the surprise of many, it took at once the position of a first-class religious newspaper. It ventured beyond even the boldest traditions, for its first number, in typographical excellence, was far above anything before seen in Episcopal newspapers. It adopted the plan of paying contributors, and of employing the best talent at its command. It began at once with a carefully edited and, to a large extent, original news department. Its editorial columns have shown practical insight and earnestness; its articles have been generally well written and to the point. Some of them have already attracted considerable notice. Its family reading is carefully selected, and its children's department is excellent. Its foreign religious news is given fresh and entire from a wide range of English journals, and it has an eye upon educational and systematizing measures in every quarter. Its literary notices have been honest and valuable, but confined to a small compass. It is well adapted both to the clergy and the laity, and stands in the safe medium position of earnest work, without partisan aims. It comes up to its work honestly and squarely, and, on the whole, better fulfils our idea of a religious newspaper than any other journal we have seen. Yet, even this paper could be much improved. The great vice of religious newspapers is their narrowness. They magnify their own following. *The Churchman* is no exception. What we should be glad to see in one Episcopal journal, at least in this land, is a carefully and honestly prepared sketch each week of what is going on in other religious bodies. It should also look more closely into the secular reading which goes into families by a better edited literary column. It seems to us, with the vast power which a religious weekly wields in the home, that this is of prime importance. There is so much promise in *The Churchman* that we anticipate the time when it may be as truly cosmopolitan in all things as it is now unobjectionable as a religious newspaper.

These three are the leading Episcopal papers. *The Western Episcopalian*, *The Christian Witness*, *The Protestant Churchman*, *The Episcopalian*, *The Church Visitor*, *The Pacific Churchman*, *The Southern Churchman*, *The Gospel Messenger*, complete the list. *The Western Episcopalian* is the vigorous organ of the "Low Churchmen," and is published at Gambier, Ohio. Its editor keeps up the traditions of his predecessors, and what Dr. Seabury once said of a former is true of the present incumbent, "He is the solemn shadow of his ecclesiastical superior." It is a spicy and bitterly partisan sheet. Its editorials are usually polemical, and a stranger would gather from its columns that its principal purpose was to create and maintain a party in the Church. Its news items are meagre, its selections very poor, its literary notices worthless, its correspondence fearfully dull. It is the only Episcopal paper which tries to combine secular with religious news. It is almost the only paper which could be spared without a single regret. *The Christian Witness* is a paper of little pretensions, but in some respects is admirable. It is the Boston Episcopal organ. Its family selections and children's reading are its best features, and most of its columns are better adapted for the laity than for the clergy. Its news department is poor, its book reviews mere puffs, its editorial articles below the average. Its advertising, like most of that which goes into Episcopal journals, is unexceptionable. In a position where a good newspaper would be most acceptable and have singular opportunities to become a leading journal, it has never risen above the rank of a good-natured but slow-paced provincial sheet. *The Protestant Churchman* was recently established as a "Low Church" organ in New York in opposition to *The Church Journal*. It is a good-sized sheet, with a large amount of selected matter, but, though showing literary taste and considerable ability on the part of the editor, it lacks any special excellence. It is not a newspaper, and has neither vigor nor arrangement. Its advocacy of Protestant principles

is clear and hearty, but it is not pronounced, though it is often clever. Its literary notices are, for a religious paper, usually good and discriminating, but it does not yet occupy the place it was intended to fill. We say this with regret; for it is a well-printed and attractive sheet, and seems entirely honest and, for a partisan paper, not atrabilious. There is room for it in the Episcopal Church, and if it could eat up several of its lean brethren it would be a blessed thing. *The Episcopalian* is a newspaper without place or position. It is a paper which was formed by the union of *The Episcopal Recorder*—which, otherwise feeble, exhausted itself by intemperate political articles during the war—and *The Christian Times*, which failed for want of support. Before *The Protestant Churchman* was formed from one of its ribs it had some excuse for existing, but now, flitting between New York and Philadelphia, though the accredited organ of Pennsylvania, it lacks vigor, skill, point, and usefulness. Its editorials are pitched to the same dismal tune as those of *The Observer*, a sort of pious meddlesomeness. It is principally made up of pious selections which old women pronounce well adapted for the rising generation, but which the generation in question repudiates with disgust. It has a meagre record of diocesan news, but is very well printed. It serves no other earthly purpose than the employment of printers and editors, and they might far better engage in more profitable work.

The Church Intelligencer, printed until recently at Charlotte, N. C., was small in size but edited with ability. Its selected matter was good, though often of too high a character for general reading. Its news items were next to nothing; its editorials always able and readable; its tone high, manly, and in harmony with the readjustment of the Episcopal Church for its future work. Lack of support recently impelled a "suspension," which, although resumption was talked about, is probably final. *The Southern Churchman*, printed at Alexandria, Va., is the organ of that diocese, and though formerly a paper of little ability or influence, is now becoming, by the addition of a new editor, a journal of increasing value and interest. It gives signs in every department of a right purpose and of an understanding of what Episcopal journalism requires. At present, it cannot be said either in news, editorials, selections, literary notices, or general ability to be up to any high standard. *The Church Visitor*, published at New Orleans, is a paper devoted to general and useful reading, edited by an Episcopal clergyman. It has some religious news and some ability, but is only the beginning of a religious paper. *The Pacific Churchman* is the organ for California, Oregon, and the Hawaiian Islands. For a very small sheet, it has many good points, and is, valuable for its Pacific news; but makes no pretensions to ability. *The Gospel Messenger* is the diocesan organ of Western New York, and is published at Utica. It is one of the oldest Episcopal papers, and has always been respectable, without ever being vigorous. In the news department it is usually two or three weeks behind even its religious contemporaries. It abounds rather in local than in general religious news items, and contains a good amount of family reading. Its editorials are usually hash; its book notices of some value; its selections always admirable; its tone good and strong; but at best it is but a provincial journal, holding its position because there is nothing better to take its place.

These are the Episcopal weekly papers. There are, besides, *The Church Monthly*, *The Church Review*, and *The Spirit of Missions*, and the usual children's papers, which latter might be vastly improved without being too good. *The Church Monthly* was commenced by the Rev. Dr. Huntington in 1861, and has had a very eccentric career. In seven years it has had almost as many editors, and has exhibited every grade of excellence; but not holding to any one position, and lacking good business management, it has never commanded the position which a good religious periodical ought to hold in its well-educated and cultured communion. Its contributions have usually been of a high order, and it compares favorably with Church of England periodicals of the same class; but within fifty-six coarsely printed pages for each month there is not room enough to do much. It ought to be, and could easily be made, a journal of the highest class if it were in suitable hands; and, even as it is, it is better than the only other monthly periodical of note which professes a religious following. It has contained many separate papers of high literary character, and is now printing one of the best religious novels of the day—*Bryan Maurice*. *The Church Review* is a quarterly, and the centre of the highest published wisdom among the Episcopalians. It has always maintained an excellent position for scholarly writing, and most of the

bishops have been contributors. Its range of topics is wide, and except when the editor dips his pen in gall—for he is addicted to vituperation—it is a very readable periodical. Its book notices are usually honest, but at times are very one-sided. *The Spirit of Missions* is the best missionary periodical printed in the English language. We say this advisedly, and not without careful comparison with the English periodicals of the same class, such as *Mission Life* and *The Colonial Church Chronicle*. It embraces the whole range of Episcopal missions, and for richness and variety of matter and instructive history of missionary work in various parts of the world is not surpassed.

Looking at the Episcopal press generally, it maintains a respectable but not noisy position. It bends less to partisanship than its contemporaries; it is generally more fair and honest. It is exclusively religious, and does not seek readers out of its following. But it is yet in its infancy. There are not more than three or four men of ability connected with all the journals we have named. The papers themselves are largely diocesan, and have but a limited circulation. There are too many of them—more than this body can fairly support. If they could all be consolidated into four or five strong journals it would be vastly better. Then, they are too narrow; they are provincial; they do not inform their readers adequately in regard to the various religious movements of the day; they discriminate hardly at all between the good and bad literature which is constantly brought in other ways to the notice of their readers. Some of them are openly and abominably wretched. The best that can be said of them is that they are no worse than their neighbors, for a large number of all the religious papers in this country are an unmitigated nuisance. What the Episcopal Church needs is to broaden its range of journalism. It is very well for it to set forth its claim to be an apostolic and catholic Church, but until it takes hold of journalism with the aim to make this known to all people and to allow for every note of catholicity wherever it can be found, its journalism, like itself, must seem to others somewhat provincial.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

LONDON.

LONDON, April 27, 1867.

THE Luxembourg question as yet excites but little interest here, although *The Times* has just sent out its clever special correspondent, Mr. Sutherland Edwards, to watch the progress of events in that henceforth famous spot upon the map of Europe. Our papers are taken up entirely with the great question of the working-man—his abominable habit of preferring good wages to bad when he can get them, and his equally obstinate preference for working ten hours a day instead of twelve whenever he thinks he can get as much for the short time as the long. Observers of a philosophical turn of mind are not much struck by those peculiarities of the working-men; but *The Times* and other powerful journals affect to see in them something which marks them out as a body altogether separate and distinct from the rest of their fellow-creatures, and which affords an ample justification for shutting them out for ever from any share of political power. Day by day the papers publish extracts from evidence given before the Lords' Commission on trades unions, and make them the text of gloomy prophecies of the results of trusting such people with votes for members of Parliament. Here and there a feeble voice is raised on behalf of the workman; some body writes to ask why there is not an enquiry into the cotton-brokers', stock-brokers', iron-masters', and other trade associations. Somebody pointed out the other day that the barristers have actually fixed a minimum fee, below which no young aspirant, be he ever so anxious for a brief, is permitted to work; and everybody knows that the rules of the bar mess are laws which no man in the profession dare disobey. What would be said if working-men had a stringent rule forbidding certain men from seeking employment save in one or two counties? This is what the English bar—an educated body, be it remembered—have established among themselves. Then no man on the "Home Circuit" is permitted to go on the Western Circuit without exacting such a fee as amounts to an enormous fine on his client for daring to violate the rules of the great legal trades union. And these are the people who are so shocked at the bricklayers and carpenters for their attempts to interfere with the law of supply

and demand in the labor market. There is a manifest disposition among the aristocratic class to get their dread of the working-men's trades unions embodied in some legislative measure, and if our great reform fight should fall it will inevitably come to this, for strikes have become far more formidable of late than ever they were before. Even up to a year ago, the favorite threat of the high class journals was that men on strikes would find their places supplied by an importation of foreign labor; or, that failing, that masters would emigrate to some happy land where strikes were unknown. But they are now discovering that strikes are everywhere, and that foreign workmen, so far from coming to compete for work, actually send funds to support their neighbors in their contests with the masters. The recent remarkable mission of our working tailors to Paris to offer aid to the tailors of that city is a case in point. The masters endeavor to frighten the public by telling them that, if the price of labor rises, the additional cost of production must be added to the price of goods; but the general movement among the working class is undoubtedly bringing about a general rise in wages, and a general rise in wages, as every student of political economy knows, has no effect on prices. Its effect is simply to diminish profits. That profits are capable of diminution, notwithstanding the assertions of our papers to the contrary, is perfectly certain. It would be curious to know what relation the price of goods supplied by Mr. Poole (who is a great man—tailor to the Prince of Wales and the leading member of the Masters' Association) bears to the original cost of labor and materials. Some inferences on this subject might, perhaps, be drawn from Mr. Poole's magnificent carriage and four, or his equally magnificent house and grounds; but it is no mystery that the profits of tradesmen are sometimes very great. I was shown the other day a small jacket made by Ralph, of the Strand—not a first class house—for which the ready-money price was £3 15s., and I was assured by a practical workman that the cost of labor and materials would be under £1 15s. Seeing that a rise in workmen's earnings means, as a rule, more food and clothing and better schooling for his wife and children, I should not, I confess, see much reason for regret if a strike or any other cause should one day compel Mr. Ralph to content himself with a modest one hundred per cent. profit.

We are threatened here with several new comic journals, the success of *Fun*—though that, by the way, is the only one of the numerous rivals of *Punch* which has succeeded in establishing itself—serving, I suppose, to tempt new speculators in this field. Our *Punch*, it must be confessed, in all but his cartoons, at least, is thoroughly worn out. He is, to be sure, aristocratic and prejudiced enough, and sufficiently ready in abusing Mr. Bright; but these things alone will not support a comic journal in this country. There must be an occasional gleam of wit or humor to keep up a reputation in this way, however well established; and this our *Punch* has not. It is some five-and-twenty years since *Punch* was started, and its policy has always been to reflect the follies and the prejudices of the day, so that it might have been expected that its reign would be long in the land. I can count, from memory, more than twenty rivals which have been started against him; but hitherto all have failed except *Fun*, which, under the editorship of Mr. Tom Hood, has steadily progressed in favor. It was purchased a short time ago by its present proprietor, Mr. Wylam, for £5,000, and is now, I suppose, worth more. Here appeared the first of Arthur Sketchley's famous *Brown Papers*, which helped the sale enormously. *Punch* used to have some capital serial papers in the old days—Jerrold's *Cuddle Lectures*, Thackeray's *Jeannet's Diary*, for instance—but of late it has had nothing in this way except Mr. Burnand's *Happy Thoughts*, which nobody could understand and which are now discontinued. It would astonish some of that illustrious band of jokers who twenty years ago were associated with *Punch* to see the jokes which are now thought fresh enough for its venerable pages. Take a picture in last week's number, for instance, representing the visitor departing from an evening party, and the supernumerary man servant informing him that "all the best hats have been gone an hour or more"—a favorite jest among evening diners out, certainly when I, possibly when my grandfather, was a boy. Take, also, that caricature of the Yankee visitor in the sculpture gallery at Florence the other day, and his contemptuous remark upon that assemblage of "stone gals" with which your readers must be pretty familiar. Whether the new publication, *Judy*, is destined to do better things I cannot say. The title is not promising, as it amounts almost to an avowal of a determination to imitate *Punch*. The comic artist is the great difficulty, as any one may see who compares the principal pictures of *Punch* and *Fun*. In this way *Punch* is still unrivalled.

Messrs. Moxon & Co. have, I see, just issued another selection from Hood's poems, "edited by Samuel Lucas." The "editorial work," says *The Athenæum*, "is somewhat a mystery," which is true; but I have already thrown a little light on this peculiarity of English editorship for the benefit of your readers. Q.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

THE GENERAL BANKRUPT LAW.*

ALTHOUGH the Constitution of the United States was framed by men who were particularly averse to granting to the new government any more powers than were absolutely essential to enable it to perform national functions, there was hardly any opposition made to the clause granting to Congress power to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy for the United States. It was apparent to every man in the convention that the welfare and commercial prosperity of the country in a large measure depended upon such uniformity. It is now to us a matter of surprise how, in spite of the fact that the country has been nearly always without such a system, commercial credit could have been sustained. Congress twice attempted to carry out this clause in the Constitution. The bankrupt laws passed in 1800 and in 1841 were radically defective. They afforded facilities to debtors to relieve themselves of their debts, but gave no corresponding benefits to creditors. The consequence of these defects was their short life, and a very general impression unfavorable to all bankrupt laws on the part of the commercial community. Mercantile transactions involving the relations of debtor and creditor, although, from the very nature of things, extending all over the country without regard to state lines, have been subjected to the different systems of laws in force at the residence of each debtor. This state of things has been deplored by eminent authority, but somehow the commercial greatness of the country has gone on increasing in spite of this difficulty. Judge Story, in his celebrated work on the conflict of laws, says that one of the most pressing grievances bearing upon commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural interests is the total want of a general system of bankruptcy, and it is very easy to discern that the absence of such a system has been the cause of the laxity of commercial morals for which we regret to say we have become notorious. As the law stood in this state before the passage of the recent act, any person may make such disposition of his property as he pleases, without regard to the rights of creditors, with very little danger of ever being called to account therefor. The whole system of assignments, wherein certain favored creditors are preferred, is one completely permeated with dishonesty and fraud. Under it there has sprung up in the commercial community an idea that certain debts are to be considered confidential and are to be paid in full at all hazards, whether such payments leave anything for the general creditor or not. Of this class is borrowed money, including discounts at banks. We cannot for the life of us perceive in what way a debt for money to a bank, whose business it is to lend money for hire, is more sacred than a debt to a merchant for goods, whose business it is to sell goods for profit. We think all creditors should stand on precisely the same footing, and that the assets of the bankrupt should be divided equally among all. A practice has also grown up which helps to build up large concerns and force out of existence small ones. A country merchant obtains credit with one of the heavy dry goods houses here, and by means of his standing with this house obtains credits from other establishments. When the failure comes it is found that the friendly house is a preferred creditor, and the small concerns that have given credit upon the fact that the purchaser had credit with a leading firm are left out and get nothing.

In all assignments, too, it will be found that the persons preferred are generally to a greater or less number relatives of the assignor. Frauds are a natural consequence of such a system. Even if it could not be proved that they existed in practice, the facilities which the system gives for dishonest practices is enough to condemn it.

The law lately passed by Congress is the result of long experience in England, and of careful examination and study by the best lawyers in this country. It is not very favorable to debtors as a class; and while it discharges honest but unfortunate insolvents, it exacts from them a most rigid compliance with the law and punishes with

great severity any attempt at fraud or evasion. Under it there seems to be a probability that the estates of insolvents will be equitably divided among creditors, and that failing for the sake of what may be made by the operation will be less common than it has been. The law cannot fail of being unpopular with dishonest debtors. It subjects them and their affairs to such a close and searching examination that none but honest men will be likely to avail themselves of it, and it is a healthy check constantly hanging over those who contemplate dishonest practices. That bad men may possibly attempt to make use of the law to shield their guilt is possible, but we think the task will be a much harder one for them under the law than it has been without it.

Mr. Edwin James has written, and Messrs. Harper & Bros. have published, a volume containing the text of the act divided into sections, with a digest of reported decisions in England and America applicable to each section. From the reputation which Mr. James brought with him to this country it was very generally expected by the profession when his work was announced that it would be one of great value and of profound research. We think the general expectation will be sadly disappointed. The book is good enough in its way. There is an orderly arrangement of the law and the text is given correctly. There are, too, the head-notes of a great many decisions. But of Mr. James's own work there is little or none. We expected a profound treatise in which the law of insolvency and bankruptcy would be treated with a master hand. We find a mere digest of cases, in many instances conflicting with each other. Mr. James could have written such a book as was expected, and it would have been eagerly purchased by the profession. The book he has written is, however, though a very useful book, not such an one as will add to Mr. James's reputation either as a writer or a lawyer. It was probably issued in haste to meet the demand which arose immediately after the passage of the law. It would have been better had it been held back until the rules of court were promulgated, so that it could have contained them. As it is, however, it will be found useful to the profession and a book which a practising lawyer cannot well do without. Let us hope that Mr. James will hereafter give the profession a work on the subject of bankruptcy which will do credit to his high standing as a lawyer; he would himself, we imagine, hardly be willing to stake his fame and reputation on his present volume.

RETURNS OF SCIENCE.

WHILE the people are making their return of income that we may be enabled approximately to get at our increase of capital, there comes to us a schedule of what has accrued to the garner of science, for us to reckon up the aggregate and discover how we stand in those departments of knowledge which either subserve our material interests or enhance our intellectual resources. The annual volumes which we have had now for more than fifteen years have been vouched for by the well-known name of the present Commissioner of Revenue, the Hon. David A. Wells, whose place is now supplied by a new editor, Dr. Samuel Kneeland, of Boston. We—with others, doubtless—have depended upon these yearly summaries somewhat as a tradesman depends upon his annual balance. We have learned there concisely the debit and credit of the world in its account with science. It may not be that the thorough scientist or the specialist in every branch thereof can find this collection supplying him with all the desiderata, but in the great hurry of accumulation of knowledge few men but at the year's end can turn to this repository and find it superior to the capabilities of their memory.

Owing to the change of editor, no volume was issued last year, and the present volume is a double one, supplying the omission; and it affords a marked contrast to the recent issues in the much less space appropriated to the developments in the mechanics of war. Our rebellion, with its novel appliances in siege and field and by sea, increased the domain of war-science beyond almost any similar period in history. The recent warfare in Bohemia brought into prominence only, but did not first demonstrate the power of, the needle-gun. The greatest scientific achievement of the last two years has been doubtless in the interest of peace; and its result in the daily bulletins from the other side of the ocean has already, if indeed it had not before the accomplishment of the undertaking, passed into the comprehension of the age almost as a matter of course. In the same light of the most humane benefaction, we must view the skilful engineering feat of the tunnel at Chicago that underlies the bed of Lake Michigan; and also the centre-rail system by

* *The Bankrupt Law of the United States, 1867. With Notes and a Collection of American and English Decisions upon the principles and practice of the Law of Bankruptcy, etc.* By Edwin James, of the New York Bar. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1867.—II. *The United States Bankrupt Law, approved March 2, 1867, with Marginal Notes.* New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co., 1867.

* *Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1866 and 1867.* Edited by Samuel Kneeland. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1867.

which *ad interim* they are intending to pass the height of Mt. Cenis with railway carriages. It is not at all unlikely that the success of this latter undertaking may work a great change in the system of transmontane communications which seems now tending to the creation of extensive and very costly tunnels. The plan, which is apparently new to European engineers, of horizontal drivers biting on a centre rail, was, we believe, long ago patented with us, if never put into prominent use. The completion of this route between France and Italy is expected in May of this year and success is anticipated.

The rivalry of guns and armor-plating is one of the most interesting phenomena in scientific progression; and with the victory now on the side of the projectiles and now with the resisting power of the shield, and with the alternation so often made and with no apparent likelihood of terminating, it is not safe to say what skill in the one way or the other may not yet be elicited. At the present moment it is thought that the steel projectiles and chilled shot of Major Palisser and others have the advantage; but it would not be wise to count on that predominance for a long interval. It is not unlikely that the science of war may thus serve the interests of manufactures as well as drain the treasures of nations; and that it will be seen how the power of machinery, or its durability at least, may be increased further than the mere demands of peaceful pursuits could have carried it.

There has hardly been at any time a greater revulsion of mere theories than by the recent revelations of the spectrum analysis. One scarcely knows how to measure the wonderful results of that very simple method. That we are enabled with the accuracy of a demonstration to test the presence of specific substances in the composition of a star with no provision, is a result that seems to us marvellously grand and the indicator of further results that we may not yet dimly comprehend the extent and value of. While there is a definiteness about this proof that is very satisfactory, it must be confessed that theory, with its unsettled conditions, offers in some degree, or at least in a different plane, a greater incentive to the mind. With theory men may be blinded to all but partial views, and may be, and perhaps in most cases are, upon wrong tracks; but the incessant explorations to confirm a theory lead so often to successes in other and unthought-of directions, that we never see a theory or theories subverted by a demonstrable fact without some misgivings about the loss to science.

We look upon the Darwinian hypothesis in this same light. We can scarcely say what gain to science will come of the efforts to discover the connecting links in fossil remains, even if the end aimed at be fallen far short of. And so we read with not a little satisfaction of the steady accession of adherents that this development theory is gaining. Men cannot get in earnest about a theory like that—allowing they be on the wrong track—without results in the interests of science that we might long be without otherwise. Just so with the constant efforts—of which we have the record in the present volume of one or two partial successes—to produce colors in the photograph, our loss and disappointment give data that may be of use in directions we hardly now dream of.

It was not our purpose to epitomize or even indicate by implication any considerable portion of the contents of this book. The returns of science which we have here registered are so much increase of capital thought, so much addition to the world's intelligence; and it behooves us once a year at least, those of us indeed whose daily routines lie in quite other directions, to look about us and see for ourselves where we are. Most of us, we fancy, follow science by a sort of dead reckoning—a given advance to a given interval; but like prudent navigators we cannot sapiently refuse an opportunity for a determinate observation.

THREE PHASES OF CHRISTIAN LOVE.*

THIS volume comprises the lives of St. Monica, of Mlle. Victorine de Galard Terraube, and of the Venerable Mère Dévos. Veneration for the memory of these exemplary and devout women would alone supply a sufficient incentive for the publication of their biographies, but to her great religious zeal Lady Herbert adds a deep and earnest solicitude for the temporal as well as the spiritual well-being of the human race; and considering that the great responsibility of forming a man's character, and implanting in his mind the principles upon which his after-life shall be governed, devolves upon the mother, the authoress has wisely endeavored to give strength and courage to the women of the present age by the example of the sufferings, the

* *Three Phases of Christian Love.* By Lady Herbert. New York: Lawrence Kehoe. 1867.

struggles, and the final triumph of St. Monica. In the preface she says:

"Look at Ary Schœffer's picture of St. Monica and her son, sitting in the window at Ostia overlooking the sea. It is of that mother we would write, to console the anxious, fearful mothers of these days, and to reveal to them the enormous power God has put into their hands, for the safety of their children."

The obvious advantages of example over precept renders it very desirable that from time to time the lives of these noble and inspired mothers of the Church should be rewritten. The forms of suffering and self-sacrifice have doubtless changed, but our needs are quite as great, the demands upon our energies as urgent; the spirit of love which God has planted in the human heart is as full of hope and fear and joyous aspiration, as in the days of St. Symphorosa and Felicità; and the records of the great work performed by women in the early ages of the Church should serve to stimulate the mothers of the present day to the accomplishment of their divinely appointed mission. Truly sainted souls have not vanished from the earth, though they are beautiful as exceptional. They are yet among us, to raise and purify man's rougher nature, to wean him from the contemplation of mere earthly pleasures, to watch, to warn, and save him.

St. Monica was born at Tagaste, near Carthage, in 332, the same year which witnessed the birth of St. Jerome in Dalmatia. Her parents were in somewhat straitened circumstances, though noble by birth, and brought up in the Christian faith. Monica was affectionately and tenderly reared by her mother and an old nurse to whom she was much attached; and very early in life she gave token of that religious zeal, that pious devotion to others, and especially the poor, and that gentleness and readiness for self-sacrifice which marked her character in after years. While very young she was given in marriage to a pagan of noble birth but dissolute habits, and Monica at once foresaw the misery which must inevitably accrue to her. Still, she accepted the hand of Patricius in obedience to what she esteemed to be her duty, and in the firm belief that by this heroic sacrifice she would be, under Providence, the means of saving a human soul. Hitherto she had lived only in a Christian home—the terrible experience of a household under ungodly rule this pious woman had yet to learn.

As if to add to the miseries of this ill-assorted union, the mother of Patricius formed one of the household, and this ill-tempered woman served to make the lot of her daughter-in-law wretched almost beyond endurance. Monica suffered with patience and resignation, no reproach escaped her lips, she endured her husband's violence, she was aware of his infidelity, but uttered no complaint, until at length her admirable conduct touched his heart and won from him both respect and admiration. In the midst of her trials the blessed consolation of becoming a mother was vouchsafed to her; in 354 St. Augustine was born, and then a second son, named Navigius, and a daughter who was called Perpetua, after the martyr saint of Carthage.

"There was no fear that a mother of this sort would entrust to others the nursing of her child, and it was from the pure breast of Monica that St. Augustine drew both his human and divine nourishment. As he grew older she felt more and more the awful responsibility of her charge, and the special importance in his particular case of awakening in his heart that tenderness of conscience which would be his only safeguard in the midst of the perilous examples with which his father would surround his youth."

Of the profligate habits into which Augustine fell we have a candid account in his *Confessions*, wherein he mentions the unspeakable sorrow occasioned to his mother by his profligacy. As if to console Monica in some measure for her son's delinquencies, she had the satisfaction of seeing her husband become a convert to the Christian faith, and shortly before his death he received the sacrament of baptism.

Carthage at that time rivalled Rome in education and the fine arts, and there Monica placed her son at college.

"His first appearance in the schools made a great sensation. He was already master of several languages, had a singular aptitude for philosophy and metaphysics, a passion for study, a fine taste for poetry and painting and all that was beautiful in nature or in art; above all, a wonderful eloquence which electrified his hearers. The most brilliant future was, consequently, prophesied for him in the schools, and he became as much the idol of the masters as of the students."

At the age of thirty Augustine resolved to go to Rome and subsequently to Milan, where his mother followed him, and where her long sufferings were rewarded by the conversion of her son under the enlightened teachings of St. Ambrose. On their homeward way, some three years afterwards, St. Monica and St. Augustine were detained for a few days at Ostia, and here her earthly labors ended; here Augustine experienced the bitter grief of

parting with her of whom he said that "in her delicate woman's frame were united the noble faith of a man, the serene wisdom of a sage, the tenderness of a mother, and the fervor of a Christian."

In the life of Victorine de Galard Terraube we have a beautiful picture of a young girl of high birth, great beauty, and rare accomplishments dedicating herself wholly to the service of God, and by her unostentatious charity, her profound humility, her reverence for her parents, and her sincere devotion setting an example worthy the imitation of young women of all nations and creeds.

The third and last of these biographies, the life of the Venerable Mère Dévos, is replete with beauty, piety, and usefulness. She was the Superior of the Society of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, and in the performance of her arduous duties she displayed that energy, self-devotion, and saint-like humility which not only endeared her to all who had the advantage of coming within her influence, but left an example of one as nearly perfect as it is given human nature to become. We are highly indebted to Lady Herbert for a work which must attract every reader's sympathies, and one which inculcates, as this does, meditation, comparison, and improvement.

LIBRARY TABLE.

I. The Hand-Book of History and Chronology. By Rev. John M. Gregory, LL.D. Chicago: Adams, Blackmer & Lyon. 1867.—*II. The Map of Time.* The same—Impressed by the importance to the student of history of exact chronological and geographical knowledge, Dr. Gregory has actually prepared a book of dates for boys to learn, and accompanied it with a big chart—5 feet by 3—on which each year since 1500 A. D. is assigned a little rectangle, wherein are printed memoranda of its notable events marked by patches of color to indicate what nations performed them. "It will be found," we are assured, "almost as difficult to forget dates learned by this method as it is to remember them when learned in the ordinary way." We have no doubt of it. Only, we should rather prefer to commit to memory the tables of logarithmic sines and tangents than to memorize three centuries of dates, even if we had the advantage of doing it "by this method." We do not mean to deny that it can be done. After the alphabet, the catechism, and the "tables," nothing is impossible. We can even imagine a boy acquiring a familiarity with this chart of his own free will, just as we can remember that, when at boarding-school and prevented under heavy penalties and by vigilant supervision from wearing away the study hours in any more tolerable manner, we read through all the long articles, many of them repeatedly, of a huge *Classical Dictionary* and for a while knew what they were all about. Under similar circumstances a boy might conquer this temporal map, which, we confess, is altogether too much for us and reduced us to despair as we sat before it for half an hour and tried to benefit by it. But we do not hesitate to say that a boy who had done anything of the kind would be a nuisance to his friends for the remainder of his days. Here is what would come of it, by Dr. Gregory's own showing, as exemplified by a "model lesson," recited, we presume, by the ideal boys who are henceforth never to forget the dates:

"The pupils are supposed to be twelve years of age. . . . The class is supposed to have completed the sixteenth century."

"Teacher.—James may give the first event described in the lesson for to-day."

"James recites from the *Hand-Book* the account of the accession of James I."

"Teacher.—When did the event occur?"

"Class.—In the year 1603."

"The attention is carefully called to its place on the chart and this place described as 'in the first decade, third year-space, upper line, in the seventeenth century.' The class notice that it is just one hundred years later than the marriage of James IV., of Scotland, with Margaret, James's great-grandmother, through whom he derived his title to the throne of England. They notice also that it is fifty years later than the accession of Mary, and forty-five years later than that of Elizabeth."

"Teacher.—Has any one learned any additional facts concerning this accession of James or concerning James himself?"

"3d Pupil.—His mother was a Catholic (sic), but he was brought up as a Protestant."

"4th Pupil.—Elizabeth died, March 24th. April 5th, James left Edinburgh on his royal journey to London. His clumsy person and awkward manners made a very unfavorable impression on the English."

"5th Pupil.—The *Pictorial History of England* tells amusing stories of his vanity and pedantry, and says that he was so poor that he could not begin his journey till he had received money from England."

"7th Pupil.—James's chief fault, according to Macaulay, was his extravagant estimation of his royal prerogative. This made him tyrannical; but his very weakness and meanness saved England."

Of course there never was such an assemblage of twelve-year-old prigs as Dr. Gregory has put into his imaginary class, and if a boy showed symptoms of approaching such alarming proficiency nobody but Dr. Blimber would hesitate to put books out of his reach and keep him out of doors until his mind resumed a normal—instead of a normal-school—condition. A good many other objections suggest themselves—such as the probable character of the exercise for which one pupil had prepared himself, say on Mary Queen of Scots, by reading Mr. Froude, while another was well up in Miss Strickland or Mr. Tytler; also the feelings with which *paterfamilias* would surrender his library to the investigations of bread-and-butter infants. There used to be another rather more feasible plan for learning dates

by putting them into rhyme, of which the following sample only remains in our memory, probably because it is incorrect :

"In 1492
Columbus crossed the ocean blue :
In 1497
Columbus died and went to Heaven."

One is about as good as the other, but we do not believe that any of these expedients have much practical value. While the mind is in the condition to endure without revolt such inflections as these, it is not yet sufficiently mature to get much good from the history of England. As we have before argued at length, we believe children at school might study contemporary history with advantage, joining with it, of course, the study of geography—which it is utter folly to attempt to detach from it. But to try to put into a child's head these one hundred and seventy-five pages of dates and the big map of four parti-colored centuries would besheer barbarity. Let him alone, like Little Bo-Peep, and in good time he will get the twenty or thirty dates which are all he really needs, and around which he can group events with all necessary accuracy. As for the map, it is a capital guide to contemporaneous events which it is very well to hang up in a school-room, as it would be for a library if it were not so unspeakably ugly. The book is also very good for reference, and as an assistance to any one pursuing a coherent course of historical reading. In fine, we can recommend it very strongly to everybody except those for whom it is intended.

I. The History of Pendennis, His Fortunes and Misfortunes, His Friends and His Greatest Enemy. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With illustrations. New York: M. Doolady. 1867.—II. *The same.* With illustrations by the author. Two volumes complete in one. New York: Harper & Bros. 1867.—The benefits of publishers' rivalries which have been felt by the buyers of Dickens's novels are now, it appears, to be shared by the admirers of Thackeray. After having been entirely destitute of any uniform edition of his works other than the illustrated and voluminous Tauchnitz series, we are now promised two handsome complete editions at prices hardly greater than those which prevailed before the war. The choice between the editions is not easy. To many it will seem desirable to have a set of Thackeray uniform with the other diamond editions which are likely to be so abundant, and such will prefer Mr. Doolady's edition. It is certainly neat and attractive, admirably printed upon a tinted paper which, though extremely thin, is firm enough to give a perfectly clear impression unobscured by the matter on the reverse page. The type is much more legible than those who are not familiar with it would suppose, and while it would be unwise to read it by artificial light or on the railroad cars, it will not weary the eyes for other reading. On the whole, however, we commend to people with a fondness for these small types an expedient which seems less generally known than it should be—the use of a reading-glass, which may be had of any optician, of sufficient size to cover without being moved the breadth of an ordinary page or newspaper column, whereby a diminutive type may be made, with little trouble, to give the effect of the largest.

In the edition of the Messrs. Harper the volume is a much larger one, printed from the large type plates of their former two-volume *Pendennis*, whose dimensions are brought by the use of thin paper within the compass of one shapely volume. Aside from its large print, this book has the further advantage of having all the author's illustrations, which must number nearly 150. In Mr. Doolady's volume these have necessarily been curtailed to about a dozen, because the width of its column would not admit of the initial letter cuts to which Thackeray was wont to give an allegorical significance that is wanting in the larger pictures, which in the small volume require a leaf to themselves.

The merits of the two editions are nicely balanced. Both are handsome, both cheap, and both, we presume, will be well prepared, Mr. Curtis editing the larger edition and Mr. William L. Alden the remaining volumes of the smaller. In the Harper edition we have all the cuts and a type that can be read wherever reading is practicable at all; in the diamond edition a neat pocket volume, uniform with other present and prospective series of novels, delightfully compact and especially ornamental on library shelves. To Mr. Doolady, too, we are indebted that we have any uniform edition of Thackeray at all—a claim upon the public gratitude that will be fully recognized by the many who were loud in their complaints of our destitution.

Nat Gregory. By W. Seton, Jr. New York: Hiltion & Co. 1867.—Those who have observed the rapid and ever recurring changes to which New York has been subject during the last thirty years will peruse with pleasure an accurate description of scenes which now live only in memory, of old landmarks which the march of improvement, rather than time, has served to obliterate, and customs which fashion has long since abolished. In the present work the reader will find a faithful portrait of New York as it was in times gone by, in times when solid comfort combined with luxury had not given place to ostentation and vulgar display, and when St. John's Park was considered to be sufficiently "up-town" for the residences of the "first families."

"In those days that was the most fashionable quarter of Gotham, and many a dashing belle, many a perfumed exquisite of the masculine gender, many a gentry crone dwelt in that once beautiful locality, now occupied by boarding-houses, stores, and shops."

"And yet will the world believe us when we say that the progenitors of many of these 'first families' had raised turnips and cabbages, retailed thread and needles, ground knives and scissars, and had often felt thankful to heaven when they could retire to their straw mattresses at night, or perhaps even the bare floors, without suffering the knowings of hunger."

"But does not this prove how absurd it is for any class of individuals to arrogate to themselves the possession of all the gentility, and to claim homage from those who move in an humbler

sphere? For, verily, cabbage-raising and tapering fingers can approach wonderfully close together, at least in republican America."

The author is more successful in the delineation of character than in the creation of his plot, which is neither particularly interesting nor at all probable. Indeed, this may be said to be the weak point of the novel, for with such personages as the strong-minded and energetic Prudence and her more gentle sister, with Solomon Onderdonk, and the hero himself, much more might have been done. The unswerving pursuit of savage and vindictive purposes by a feminine will is not an uncommon theme for the novelist, but the incidents connected with its execution should bear some show of likelihood, a deficiency which in the present instance is mainly attributable to the author's want of experience in this department of literature.

Mr. Seton does not aim at illustrating any deep or lofty theories, nor does he indulge in any of those exaggerations which some persons are wont to regard as "fine writing;" his style is marked by simplicity and the absence alike of pretension or vulgarity, and there are sufficient evidences of thought and cultivation to justify the expectation that the author's next effort will be an improvement upon his present one.

The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns. By Capt. D. P. Conyngham, A.D.C., etc., etc. New York: William McSorley & Co. 1867.—We have in this volume a very graphic and interesting account of the Irish Brigade and the vicissitudes of its history during the war, which will be read with great interest by numbers, and preserved as one of the most lively pictures of the stirring scenes of the Virginia campaigns yet offered by an eye-witness. Capt. Conyngham is occasionally a little slipshod in his diction, but his pages are readable and instructive for all that, and bear marks of candor and painstaking accuracy. The book will undoubtedly have a large sale, and although its laudations of particular officers are occasionally rather highly colored, we see no reason to doubt that the author thinks them well deserved. A distinction is suggested by an anecdote on page 225 which, to our New England friends, must prove peculiarly agreeable:

"A person rather seedy in uniform, with a strong Irish accent, and well laden with 'Yankee notions,' newspapers, and the like, was passing the sentry of the sixty-ninth, crying out his wares. 'Arrah, an' are you a soldier?' asked the sentry, looking at him."

"'Yes,' replied the other, looking rather sheepish. 'Then why the hell do ye be seen peddlin'?' Sure, an' you ought to take off them soldier's clothes any way, and not be disgracing the uniform."

"'Well, you see, I had a little time to spare, an' a little money, an' I thought I might turn an honest penny like the rest, you see.' 'Git out of this quick or, by jabsers, I'll make a target of you. Hell blow you! Can't you leave the peddlin' to the Yankees—an' Irish soldier disgracing himself peddlin' like any Yank—oh!'—and the indignant sentry went his rounds, in order to cool down his boiling indignation."

The volume is well printed and handsomely made, and is a very creditable production for the publisher as well as the author.

I. General Problems of Shades and Shadows.—II. *A Manual of Elementary Geometrical Drawing.* By S. Edward Warren, C.E., Professor, etc., in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. New York: John Wiley & Son. 1867.—These two works, as might have been expected, coming as they do from the hand of a graduate and professor of the best school of its kind in this country, are treatises of sterling value. The latter of the two has reached its third edition, so that it may be supposed to have gained substantial appreciation. Both are productions of great importance to the engineer and mechanical draughtsman, and they are profusely illustrated by well-executed drawings. We recommend these books of Professor Warren's with cordiality, being satisfied by careful examination of the trustworthiness of their theory and the lucid intelligence of their instructions for practice.

Shakings. Etchings from the Naval Academy. By a member of the Class of '67. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867.—Midshipman Park Benjamin is the member of the class of '67 to whom we are indebted for this amusing pictorial history of cadet life at the Naval Academy. He is a clever draughtsman, and his sketches—which never degenerate into caricature—give the salient points in an undergraduate midshipman's career in a manner no less creditable to his sense of humor than to his skill and conscientious pains in the use of his pencil. The patness of the poetical scraps with which the drawings are accompanied is, no doubt, an inheritance of the author's, and these quotations add not a little to the effect of a book in which Mr. Benjamin, his classmates, publishers, engraver (Mr. John Andrew), and printers (Messrs. Rand & Avery), may with reason take great pride.

Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects. By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., K.H., etc., etc. London: Alexander Strahan. 1867.—This is one of the best, perhaps the very best, of the treatises on physical phenomena which have appeared in our day. Volcanoes and earthquakes, the sun, comets, the weather and weather prophets, light and sensorial vision, the yard, pendulum and metre, the origin of force, and the estimation of skill in target-shooting, afford a wide range for the display of scientific learning, and the author, being fully abreast of all the newest theories and discoveries of our time, omits nothing which students are curious to see introduced and discussed. We know of no volume dealing with subjects like these which manages to be so entertaining while dealing with solid instruction.

History of the Knights Templar of the State of Pennsylvania. By Alfred Creigh, LL.D., etc., etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—A volume of historical and statistical annals of particular interest to the Masons of Pennsylvania, and of general interest to Masons every-

where. Dr. Creigh, the historiographer of the Grand Commandery of his state, appears to have done his work in an earnest spirit and with no little literary skill. Such works have value as showing the progress and nature of Masonry, so far as they are permitted to be revealed to the uninitiated, and tend to disperse some of the illusions respecting it which from time to time affect the general mind.

The Journal of Speculative Philosophy. St. Louis: E. P. Gray. 1867.—We have here the first number of a new magazine devoted to the highest branches of speculative thought, and hailing, primarily, from St. Louis. It contains articles on Herbert Spencer, Fichte's Science of Knowledge, Bérard on Hegel, Schopenhauer on Immortality, and several other subjects of a thoughtful and somewhat elaborate character. We shall give it more extended consideration at an early opportunity.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- JAMES PORTEUS, New York.—*The Birth of Pleasure. The Story of Cupid and Psyche.* From Apuleius. Pp. 116. 1867.
LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—*A Trip to the Azores, or Western Islands.* By M. Borges de F. Henriques. Pp. 137. 1867.
Shakings. Etchings from the Naval Academy. By a member of the Class of '67.
Beet-root Sugar and Cultivation of the Beet. By E. B. Grant. Pp. 138. 1867.
CHARLES SCHUBNER & Co., New York.—*Life of Carl Ritter, late Professor of Geography in the University of Berlin.* By W. L. Gage. Pp. ix, 243. 1867.
W. I. POOLEY, New York.—*The History of the Church, in the Diocese of Vermont.* Pp. 256. 1867.
WM. V. SPENCER, Boston.—*First Historical Transformations of Christianity.* From the French of Athanasius Coquerel, the younger. By E. P. Evans, Ph.D. Pp. 264. (New York: James Miller.)
D. & J. SADLER & Co., New York.—*The Lives and Times of the Roman Pontiffs, from St. Peter to Pius IX.* Translated from the French. Edited by Rev. Dr. Neligan. Two vols. pp. 659 and 959. 1867.
JOHN CAMPDEN HORTEN, London.—*A Song of Italy.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Pp. 66. 1867.
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, New York.—*The Gospels; with Moral Reflections on each Verse.* By Pasquier Chesnel. With an introductory essay by Rev. Daniel Wilson, D.D. Two vols., pp. 648 and 646. 1867.
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York.—*The Hopes of Hope Castle; or, The Times of Knox and Queen Mary Stuart.* By Mrs. S. T. Martyn. Pp. 359. 1867.
The Cinnamon Isle Boy. By Mrs. E. C. Hutchings. Pp. 169. 1867.
Paul Venner; or, The Forge and the Pulpit. Based on Facts. Pp. 371. 1867.
JOHN WILEY & SON, New York.—*A Manual of Elementary Geometrical Drawing.* By S. Edward Warren, C.E. Third edition. Pp. 120.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—*History of the Knights Templar of the State of Pennsylvania.* By Alfred Creigh, LL.D., K.T. 33°. Pp. 394.
Peace and other Poems. By John J. White. Pp. 126. 1867.
Plain Sermons on Personal Religion. By the Rev. George W. Natt. Pp. 408.
JOHN MURPHY & Co., Baltimore.—*The Student of Blenheim Forest; or, The Trials of a Convert.* By Mrs. Anna Dorsey. Pp. 346. 1867.
M. DOOLADY, New York.—*The History of Pendennis, His Fortunes and Misfortunes, His Friends and His Greatest Enemy.* By William Makepeace Thackeray. With illustrations. Pp. 450. 1867.
JAMES S. CLAXTON, Philadelphia.—*Coming Wonders, expected between 1867 and 1875.* Explaining the, etc., with quotations from, etc. By Rev. M. Baxter. Pp. 447. 1867.
T. NEWTON KURTZ, Baltimore.—*Gleanings from the Harvest Fields of Literature.* Collected by C. C. Bombaugh, A.M., M.D. Third edition revised and enlarged. Pp. 548. 1867. (New York: James Miller.)
G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—*The Articles of Confederation and the Constitution.* By L. Bradford Prince, LL.B. Pp. 125. 1867.
PAMPHLETS, ETC.
HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—*American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible.* Revised and edited by Prof. H. B. Hackett, D.D., with the co-operation of Ezra Abbott, A.M. Part II. Pp. from 113 to 224.
G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—*"Maga" Social Papers.* Pp. 296.
H. B. DURAND, New York.—*The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny, on The Celestial Country.* Translated by Rev. J. M. Neale.
We have also received London on Society—New York; The American Naturalist—Salem; and Belgravia—London.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FRENCH WOMEN AND SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Certain articles in THE ROUND TABLE—*Sans-Culottes as Rulers, The Government of Numbers, The Ignorance of the Clergy, Marriage and Divorce, The Representation of Minorities*, and others—deserve applause; allow me as a reader to give it, and especially as they seem to have attracted abuse. I do not take up my pen, however, expressly to commend these articles, but rather to correct some misstatements in one of them, namely, that on *Marriage and Divorce*. The author of that article says: "From Paris comes to us that taint of social depravity and indifference to the purity of woman and integrity of the family that Rome received from Asia. With French fashions in cookery and dress, we import largely of French morals and manners. . . . In our large cities, as in Paris, the men, and particularly the rich and the professions, avoid marriage. In proportion as this practice prevails concubinage and prostitution are directly encouraged and fostered. . . . A divorce works no loss of caste to either party. . . . No penalty is imposed on the guilty party and a new marriage is open to both alike."

These statements are rather sweeping. Paris, like all large, compact communities, is sufficiently depraved and French views of certain social customs are sufficiently demoralizing, but there is not in France (or in Paris) that "indifference to the purity of woman and integrity of the family" which one might suppose. Were it indeed so great as is generally stated, French society could not hold together a single generation; moral laws operate with scientific fatality, and so much corruption

would soon end in ruin. On the contrary, the purity of woman, while she is being educated, while her character is being formed, is nowhere so carefully provided for as in France. Everybody admits that the inclination given to the twig has some effect on the subsequent growth of the tree. The French, accordingly, ought to have credit for what they do in this respect. No society takes so much pains to give the woman a pure start as the French. They cling to this feature of female education with desperate instinct; they seem to feel as if it were a rock on which their social stability is anchored. No Frenchman with daughters, however radical he may be in religious, political, or legal reforms, considers for a moment the idea of abandoning the present system of paternal or maternal solicitude about the purity of his daughters. Every student of human character and of social phenomena admires the French woman, her capacity, ability, grace, efficiency, and particularly her influence over her children, which is so much greater than that of the man, and it is a question whether the attention paid to ensuring purity of character in the young girl has not a good deal to do with all this. Convents and boarding-schools are, with intelligent French people, going out of fashion, and with them that mincing, sentimental bearing of French young ladies which excites so much ridicule; but maternal oversight is not, and on this depends the "purity of woman" and one of the best organized conservative institutions in France.

And this brings me to the second point I would notice, and which has a bearing upon the balance of the statement in the extract given above. When education seems to cease to exercise any conservative influence, that is to say, when the woman is married, French society follows out its instincts with law. (I say *instincts*, because I have not yet found in books or in society any Frenchman capable of giving an exhaustive reason for the customs or laws of French society in relation to the education of girls and the laws respecting divorce.) There is no such thing now as divorce in France. Under the Empire it was tried and found wanting. Even then it was a difficult matter. Parties claiming divorce were compelled to wait three years and, if I am not mistaken, both had to agree in the application. At all events society after the Empire returned to the principle of no divorce, and it has adhered to it. There is *separation des corps*, which does not "permit a new marriage open to both alike." Again, there is a penalty for adultery visited upon the woman, but which is never imposed because French sensibility will not stand the exposure of a public trial. These are all the privileges of the kind regulated by law. It will, accordingly, be seen that the "integrity of the family" is by no means a subject of indifference in France. Would it not be well, therefore, in importing poison from Paris to import the antidote along with it? American facilities for obtaining divorce are of fearful import. A prophet might venture to say that French society with its "taint of social depravity," coupled with its conservative social and legal practices, will longer subsist than American society if it continues to hold such lax opinions on woman and divorce. And this I take to be the same conclusion in substance as that of the writer of the article I have quoted from and commented on.

I am, sir, etc., JUSTICE.

PARIS, April 21, 1867.

ART CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: A writer in the number of *The Nation* for April 25, in a critique on the volume just issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co., illustrates most strikingly the difference between a student in one department of art and a practical teacher or general reader. He says: "The work is nothing less than a universal encyclopedia of the fine arts;" and mentions that 200 pages are devoted to general principles, 70 to drawing, 100 to sculpture, 100 to architecture, 230 to painting, 75 to landscape gardening, and 50 to decorative art. He adds that, "although without an index," it is "partially unlocked by a very full analytical table of contents." For reasons which he does not state, he thinks it unadapted to be a text-book for general students. It is well known, however, that the author was aided by the suggestions of the ablest teachers in the country as to the proportioning of his book. Encyclopedia as it is, a college class of ordinary capacity can master its entire range in one hundred lessons; or in daily recitations during twenty weeks, or half a year.

The writer's own favorite study is architecture; and, as is evident, that of the French school. He recommends to students of art Viollet-le-Duc, an author of the greatest value to a thorough student in architecture. But the writings of a man who in a foreign tongue has devoted seven volumes, of about 500 or more pages each—thirty-five hundred in all—simply to the architecture of France from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, cannot, of course, meet the wants of an ordinary student. Besides, every European author is liable to be tinted in spirit, if not biased in judgment, by prejudices of nationality, politics, and religion; the Frank being hereditarily arrayed against Roman, Goth, and German; swayed by monarchical or republican predilections; and, since the Revolution of 1800, often arrayed against different branches of the Christian Church. When Viollet-le-Duc characterizes Luther in such terms as these, "his speech brutal and gross, his published sermons scandals picked up in grog-shops," it should not diminish the respect of the student of art for his work; but it indicates the varied qualities which a text-book, acceptable and profitable to American students, must combine.

In speaking of his favorite department, architecture, the writer acknowledges "Dr. Samson's single book on architecture is necessarily briefer in its discussion of tendencies than the French architect's elaborately reasoned treatise." The only general criticism upon this is: "It is one of the most difficult books to read we ever opened. After having read a section, the next thing to do is to go

back and see what it is all about." As the one hundred pages take up all the leading principles of architecture, and trace the entire history of Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Gothic of this art as well as its various modern modifications, it could hardly be otherwise than that the style should be condensed, and each sentence food for thought. With thorough students, not to say teachers, this is generally a commendation of a treatise.

With the general declaration that the book is full of inaccuracies, the writer cites only a single statement or two of the author as to the history of the *basilica* and Gothic styles in church architecture. He thinks the author's statement as to the rise and decline of the two styles incorrect; evidently, however, from failure at this point "to go back and read over again." The author has several times, in the books on sculpture, architecture, and painting, cautioned the student that when eras are fixed in ordinary works on these arts, as distinguished for certain styles and schools, it is not to be inferred that the employment of any one was restricted to that era. The author's statement is necessarily brief; but the principle referred to in both his allusions to the *basilica* and Gothic are confirmed by the writer's favorite author, Viollet. Alluding to the decline of the *basilica* style, Viollet says: "Properly speaking, there was no *basilica* (*basilique*) in France after the tenth century." As to the prejudice against the Gothic in Italy, which checked its spread southward, the same author says: "From the fourteenth century, Italy, which had never willingly abandoned ancient traditions, and had only partially submitted to the influences of the arts from the East and North, restored again the Roman arts." As a proof of this, he immediately cites the history of the cathedral of Florence, referred to by the writer, which, though originally begun as an edifice modelled after ideas of the Gothic, was completely transformed into the Roman type by the dome of Brunelleschi, who was born A. D. 1375, and studied at Rome.

The difficulty of making statements in a condensed form so full that each shall be plain in itself and without reference to other parts of the same work, is illustrated by the writer's statement as compared with his favorite author. The writer says that the Gothic was "not of the Goths, in any sense;" that it "did spread over all Italy;" that the term "Gothic," as applied to the art in question, was of the seventeenth century; and that the theory of the vaulting in Gothic interiors, only partially favored by the author, as it was by the able critic Warburton, about A. D. 1750, was "born during the times when the history of architecture was as unknown as geology." All this may, perhaps, have been inferred by the writer from Viollet's condensed work to which he refers. In his larger work, however, whose history of the Gothic cannot here be traced, are found such expressions as these: "Gothic architecture had uttered its last words in the fifteenth century." Admitting beforehand, in his introduction, the impossibility of meeting the special want or preference of any one class of artists or of critics, the author's work does not yet appear to possess imperfections of principle or of fact, of statement or of style, other than those common to labored treatises in the same field.

After admitting the superior merit of the book on painting, the writer finds its imperfections in the authorities referred to. He says: "What chance has an American, guided by such authorities as Dr. Samson quotes, . . . to approach the truth, even accidentally?" He adds in explanation, and as sustaining the charge of "faultiness in criticism," "criticisms generally borrowed, it is true, from some one of the writers on the fine arts who, from Schlegel to Waagen, from Fuseli to Mrs. Jameson, have done so much to confuse the subject." As the writer seems to rule out all the leading authorities, and indicates none on which reliance may be placed, the public have to choose between no book on art criticism or one that is the result of a careful study and comparison, by an independent student, of the acknowledged fountains of literary and art criticism in Europe and America.

I am, sir, etc., E. B.

MISCELLANEA.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE TRINITY CHOIRS, NEW YORK.

MUSICAL composition has advanced by slow degrees, and every age has had its favorite compositions and favorite style. At each revolution it was imagined that the limits of the art had been reached and nothing remained beyond. But although the domain of art and music has been extended by the conquests of genius, we note with pleasure that those gigantic works of the great Handel which moved thousands to admiration a century ago are revived in this country with substantial success under the protection and influential patronage of the corporation of Trinity parish. The "Festival of the Trinity Choirs," under the immediate auspices of the rector, clergy, and corporation of Trinity parish, has introduced to the notice of this community a performance of Handel's *chef d'œuvre*, the *Messiah*, which has given us, as far as our local resources admit, a very fair representation of those grand musical festivals which are held from time to time in the cathedral churches of Great Britain with marked success and magnificent effect.

At St. John's, one of the Trinity churches, an edifice the largest in the parish and capable of holding nearly two thousand persons, there has been a performance of the *Messiah* with an orchestra and chorus of about four hundred individuals, under the direction of Dr. James Pech; and so great was the interest manifested in this novel and praiseworthy undertaking that pews and places were taken with an avidity as remarkable as it was encouraging. Everything augured well for that happy result which in the sequel has well rewarded the promoters of the first festival of the Trinity choirs. By constant exertion and diligent attention to details the committee of management, through their indefatigable

chairman, the Rev. Dr. Young, have brought the whole to a highly successful issue, a result particularly gratifying to us to witness and to record.

The work selected to inaugurate this, the initial festival, is, of all the works of Handel, the most popular. It assuredly contains some pieces better calculated for effect when sung by an immense number of voices, in a large building dedicated to the worship of the Almighty, whether in music or literature, than any oratorio ever yet composed. Handel wrote this glorious work in three weeks only, and it was first produced in Dublin on April 13, 1742. In 1789 Mozart wrote his masterly additions to the instrumental score, which were intended as a substitute to extemporaneous accompaniments on the organ, with which the composer was accustomed to enrich the performance. Of late years, no oratorio has been so often repeated or has enjoyed so great a reputation. It has been heard in every town in England; it has spread over almost the whole continent of Europe, and it is becoming more and more known in the United States. Its fame in Great Britain and Ireland, the cradle of this school of music, and where the traditions of the composer and the music are best known, is truly universal, and the performances we now notice have earned for it a success in a manner which has never before been achieved on these shores. Such performances as those in question cannot be judged by ordinary rules. The sublime religious words with which Handel has associated the most magnificent of music are best appreciated when combined with a religious sentiment, which must, more or less, always influence the listener during the delivery of those divine truths in a place most suitable for such contemplation—the house of God. A sacred building, such as a cathedral or a church, can alone give to the whole that legitimate majesty and grandeur which are so wonderfully effective and in such complete harmony with the theme. The festival of the Trinity choirs must be taken as a grand church choral ovation to the genius of the great composer Handel, and as a proof that the rector, clergy, and corporation of Trinity parish are as anxious to make known the oratorio of this great master, in every complete way, as the organists of the parish in the performance of their choral services should be solicitous for a proper and efficient performance of the works of those great Church writers, who, in the shape of "services" and "anthems," have wedded their music to the sublimest portions of the liturgy of the Episcopal Church.

If this festival, fostered and encouraged by wealth and influence, be perpetuated annually—and that it has been determined it shall be—we can gather from the remarks of the rector of the parish, the Rev. Dr. Dix, in his sermon at the choral service on the morning of the festival—and is sustained by exertions no less satisfactory than those afforded on the past occasion by the band and chorus under the direction of Dr. James Pech—a most efficient conductor of this school of music—the good that will accrue to popular taste and feeling for the highest branch of musical composition will be great; and will tend to make the sublime productions of Handel as much loved, understood, and as well performed here as in the mother country, where for the last hundred years they have been the study and delight of the British nation. In conclusion we are glad to record that all connected with the promotion of this festival deserve high praise for the manner in which things have been carried forward; their unremitting exertions have rendered this occasion worthy of the illustrious musician whose work has, we believe, never yet been so finely rendered on these shores as at the first festival of the Trinity choir.

LITERARIANA.

DR. LIVINGSTONE's safety again seems not only possible but likely. Sir Roderick Murchison is informed by Dr. Kirk under date of Zanzibar, Feb. 8—eleven days later than previous letters—that traders from beyond Lake Nyassa had been in November—two months after the rumored murder—at Makura, which is but ten miles from the place where the massacre was said to have taken place; that these traders learned, not that any mishap had befallen Livingstone, but that he had been hospitably received at the north end of the Lake Nyassa and proceeded toward the Avira or Babina country. From all this there seems abundant room for hope that the painful rumors were the fabrications of the Johanna men who deserted him, and that the intrepid explorer is safely making his way onward, in such a way that he may not be heard from for months. Meanwhile a searching party is to be fitted out without delay, more than twenty competent volunteers having promptly presented themselves to Sir Roderick Murchison alone. Thus a new expedition will go, probably with gratifying results, since we gather from *The Athenæum* that it is proposed to adopt the plan, recently suggested in that journal by Mr. W. D. Cooley, of taking out in pieces a vessel, to be put together on the shore of the Nyassa, whereby would be solved many of the disputed points concerning the African lake region.

PROF. FREILICH is engaged in another line of African investigation, having started from Algeria for the Sahara to ascertain whether the French colonies of Algeria and Senegal may not be joined by a road to pass through Timbuctoo. In Central Africa also is M. de Sainl, diligently prosecuting his scientific researches.

EXPLORATIONS in other parts of the world are little less popular than in Africa. Mr. W. Parker Snow writes to *The Albion* to urge his countrymen in America to maintain the honor of the British flag in the matter of Arctic discovery. Prof. Petermann, in behalf of the Germans, and Dr. Hayes, from this country, are about to make new efforts to reach the North Pole, France is following their example, but the British Admiralty have

arrived at the conclusion, announced in a letter to Mr. Snow, "that it would not be advisable to give any encouragement to further Arctic explorations." Mr. Snow, therefore, appeals to his compatriots to provide the necessary means—which he thinks need not exceed \$5,000—to fit out a small topsail schooner, in which he will go or not as those who provide the money shall prefer.

THE New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art, finally, are endeavoring to send another party to Brazil. Dr. Brown and Professor Hart want to go, Professors Verrill and Agassiz think it will be well that they should, and the only difficulties are financial ones.

A THIRENODY.

I saw her in the festive throng,
Her kindling eye and mantling cheek
Flushed by the homage borne along
On looks which yet none dared to speak:
Her queenly grace of purity
To silence awed each flattering lip,
Though, to my bosom murmuring,
Her beauty's praise let slip.

Again, I saw her face of light
With worship in its chastened glow;
The dim aisle seemed a sudden bright,
As gleams of heaven had dropt below:
I could not mar her work of praise
With any breath of earthly fire;
So let her loveliness upraise
My soul with her desire.

Once more I saw through grief's hot rain
That face more pale than chiselled stone;
Death's seal was there without its pain—
In grace her life had never known:
I missed the smile from cheek and lips,
And the low music of her breath;
Yet sighed—while dumb for her eclipse—
"Most beautiful in death."

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

Mr. GEORGE COOPER's forthcoming volume of poems contains these verses, which have not before been in print:

GOING TO SCHOOL.

He helped her over the meadow brook,
While her feet set timidly set
(Twin lilies they were) on the mossy stone
With the cooling ripples wet.

They passed the brook and it seemed to sing
With a sweeter, merrier sound,
As they with their school-books wandered on
O'er the clover-laden ground.

O little maiden! how fair you were,
With your eyes of heavenly blue;
And the dimples played on your cheeks, as play
On a rose the drops of dew.

As play on a rose the drops of dew,
When the breezes merrily blow!
And your lips they were tints of the ripening peach,
In the morning's ruddy glow.

Bare feet, how they twinkled among the grass!
Did you know, whenever you took
The path for school, that he waited for you
By the willow-shaded brook?

Since then, the fragrant blossoms have come
To the boughs, ah! many a time;
And a bridge is over the brook, that sings,
As of old, its pleasant rhyme.

And two are straying upon the bank,
As I pen these wandering words,
And they talk of the happy school-day time,
And they watch the building birds.

But a stream there is with a grander flow,
With a sterner, sadder song,
And lovers will cross to a different school,
And help each other along!

MESSRS. A. S. BARNES & Co. have followed the example of the Messrs. Appleton by giving to the Peabody Educational Fund 30,000 volumes of school-books, many of them works of size and value, as well as a discount of twenty-five per cent. from the wholesale cost of such books as may be further needed.

MAJOR EDWARD C. BOYNTON, U.S.A.—author of the *History of West Point and the U. S. Military Academy*—is about to publish a guide-book to West Point and the surrounding region.

MR. GEORGE S. PHILLIPS, author of *Gypsies of the Danes Dyke*, is about to publish, in Chicago, Chicago, her *Ministers and Churches*.

MR. A. E. KROEGER, of St. Louis, has completed a translation of Fichte's *Science of Knowledge*, the introduction of which is given in *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, of which we speak elsewhere. The book is now in the press.

MR. RANDALL HUNT, formerly professor of law in the University of Louisiana, has been made president of that institution.

THE VERY REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Dean of Emory—of whom we recently spoke as the principal rival of Sir Francis Doyle for the chair of poetry at Oxford, about to become vacant by the expiration of Mr. Matthew Arnold's term—has just privately published, or his friends have published for him in justification of their claims in his behalf, a volume of his poems and essays. Among the passages we have seen are some admirable pieces of criticism on Dryden, Victor Hugo, and the accomplished critic whom he now aspires to succeed. From the last of these we quote:

"I conclude this lecture by saying, with all sincerity, that I commend to you a poet whose writings have been to myself a real source of pleasure. A hundred times over, in hours of lassitude and fatigue, I have taken down these volumes, all too slender as they are. The calm pathos of the *Church of Iron*, the sorrowful and wavelike melody of the *Forsaken Merman*, the tragic unity of *Solara and Rustrum*, have never palled upon me. There are pages which seem to bathe one's mind in the cool breath that blows from English meadows, or in the scent that exhales from the pines of Switzerland. Rarely has love found a tenderer interpreter, or separation breathed a sweeter sorrow. I admit, indeed, that the poet's growth has been stunted by his own theory. He knows so much analytically of his art that his creative powers have been prematurely exhausted. He has studied effect so

thoroughly that he has, perhaps, become unable to produce it. His intellect is with the ancients, his heart and talent with the moderns. Yet we find in him qualifications rare at all times, especially rare at present—finish of detail, music of versification, purity of style. Above all, we find a conscientious abstinence from that sensationalism which begins by corrupting the taste and ends by corrupting the principles of a nation. I must regret, even upon critical as well as upon other grounds, that we do not trace in the informing spirit of these volumes a flame which, I think, might have been grander if it had been kindled at a different altar."

His style in verse is criticised as being excessively luxuriant and florid—as a specimen of which *The Spectator*, suggesting De Quincey's term, a "jewelry hemorrhage" of language, quotes these stanzas on Archbishop Whately:

"Yea, there be saints, who are not like the painted
And haloed figures fixed upon the pane,
Not outwardly and visibly ensainted,
But hiding deep the light which they contain.

"The rugged gentleness, the wit whose glory
Flash'd like a sword because its edge was keen,
The fine antithesis, the flowing story,
Beneath such things the sainthood is not seen;

"Till in the hours when the wan hand is lifted
To take the bread and wine, through all the mist
Of mortal weariness our eyes are gifted
To see a quiet radiance caught from Christ.

"Till from the pillow of the thinker, lying
In weakness, comes the teaching then best taught,
That the true crown for any soul is dying
Is Christ, not genius; and is faith, not thought.

"Oh, wondrous lights of Death, the great unvelier,
Lights that come out above the shadowy place,
Just as the night that makes our small world paler
Shows us the star-sown amplitudes of space!

"Oh, strange discovery, land that knows no bounding,
Isles far off hailed, bright seas without a breath,
What time the white sail of the soul is rounding
The misty cape—the promontory Death!"

As being in his best style are quoted the lines called *His Name*, of which the text is from Isaiah, "And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." A portion of these is as follows:

"O Wonderful! round whose birth-hour
Prophetic song, miraculous power,
Cluster and burn, like star and flower.

"Those marvellous rays that at Thy will,
From the closed heaven which is so chill,
So passionless, stream'd round Thee still,

"Are but as broken gleams that start,
O Light of Lights! from Thy deep heart,
Thyself, Thyself, the Wonder art!

"O Counsellor! four thousand years,
One question tremulous with tears,
One awful question, vex'd our peers.

"They ask'd the vault, but no one spoke;
They ask'd the depth, no answer woke;
They ask'd their hearts, that only broke.

"They look'd, and sometimes on the height
Far off they saw a haze of white,
That was a storm, but look'd like light.

"The secret of the years is read,
The enigma of the quick and dead
By the Child-voice interpreted.

"O everlasting Father, God!
Sun after sun went down, and trod
Race after race the green earth's sod.

"Till generations seem'd to be
But dead waves of an endless sea,
But dead leaves from a deathless tree.

"But Thou hast come, and now we know
Each wave hath an eternal flow,
Each leaf a lifetime after snow."

It is remarked by *The Athenaeum* as a sign of the times that the Italians are evincing great interest in German literature, Italian translations having been made of the works of several modern German poets, and especial admiration being felt for Freiligrath.

ENGLISH papers note the arrival from Bombay of two new words. The first is *diglot*, the term by which a Bombay newspaper printed in English and Marathi describes itself: the other, *jointstockeries*, needs no explanation. They seem to be very good words in their way, though we presume they will shock careful conservists of the language, like Mr. Gould, who, by the way, are to be congratulated on the failure of its admirers to establish *photogram*, a word which they seek to justify by the analogy of *telegram*, forgetful that there are no two significations of their noun, as there are of the other. *The Bombay Gazette*, jealous perhaps of the philological triumphs of its contemporary which achieved the above-named words, advocates a reform in the spelling of Indian names. The system in vogue, it seems, is perfectly wrong in orthography, obscures the meaning, serves no etymological purpose, and does not indicate the pronunciation. Thus, instead of *Benares* and *Fattyghur*, it would have *Bunnarrus* and *Fathgurrh*. Its scheme, however, is pronounced impracticable.

AMONG articles of interest in the English periodicals are several on American topics. *The Quarterly* has an article on *New American Religions*, which, taking Mr. Dixon's book with some thirty others on Mormonism, most of them by Mormons, discusses the principles at the foundation of the new religious and social movements, and the arguments advanced in their behalf. An article on the same subject is in the new number of *Fraser's Magazine*, which also contains a paper on *The Recent Lectures and Writings of Emerson*, and one by Gerald Massey on *Charles Lamb*. *The Archaeology of North America* is an interesting account in *The Edinburgh Review* of the monuments and architectural remains discovered in Mexico and the West, which will be republished here in due course. A notable paper in the same review on the Prussian campaign of last year is said to be written by the Crown Prince of Prussia, or under his inspiration; it is the subject of an elaborate article in the last *Saturday Review*. In *Macmillan's Magazine* is an article by Fanny Kemble on the characters in *Macbeth*.

A BOOK on the writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, together with a review of Barry Cornwall's *Charles Lamb*, is announced as in preparation, only two hundred copies being printed.

MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER is about publishing a third series of *Proverbial Philosophy*.

DR. CUMMING—more merciful than Mr. Tupper, if we accept the promise of its title—has published *The Last Woe*, in which he demonstrates that the Jews are to be converted as a nation and the Papacy extinguished between the autumnal equinoxes of 1867 and 1868.

MR. PAYNE COLLIER has commenced a privately-printed series of *Miscellaneous Tracts* of the Elizabethan period with *Perimides the Blacksmith*, one of the latest productions of Robert Green.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID has essayed a new occupation by establishing *The Little Times*, an eight-page paper, with pages the size of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, which is that of *THE ROUND TABLE*. It is not an organ for juveniles, as might be inferred from its title and editorship.

ANOTHER new-comer in London journalism is a comic weekly, entitled *Judy*, on whose cover Punch and his dog Toby are replaced by Judy and her cat.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The epitaph in Lavenham church-yard, quoted by "A. W. M." in your issue of May 4, was printed in *The Athenaeum*, March 9, 1850, No. 1,167, and led to several ingenious answers in the same paper, too long, I fear, for insertion in your limited *Notes and Queries* space.

In No. 1,169 is given another epitaph from the church-yard of Amwell, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, which is almost a literal translation of this Latin one:

"That which a being was, what it is? Show!
That being which it was, it is not now.
To be what 'tis, is not to be, you see:
That which now is not, shall a being be."

Another translation of the same by Mr. Machell, contributed to *The Church and State Gazette*, runs thus:

"To be what it was, is to be what it is—Dust.
To be what it was not, is to be what it is—Spirit.
To be what it is, is not to be—To disappear from the earth.
What it is, is not to be what it will be—Reunion of body and soul—Resurrection.

I am, sir, respectfully yours,

FRANK I. JERVIS,
Editor of *The True Radical*.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, May 7, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Can you or any of your subscribers inform me who is the author of the following lines?

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest.
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins."

I first read them in *Putnam's Monthly* of 1854.

"A Subscriber" desires to know where *The Frenchman and the Rat* may be found. Kidd's *Elocution* contains it.

Yours truly, CHURCHILL.

WILMINGTON, May 6, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Mr. Jervis, editor of *The True Radical*, has given me a clearer perception of the phrase, "Consistency, thou art a jewel." But in reading over the works of a poetess, lately, I came across "Consistency, thou art a jewel," etc., etc., but not in the formula of a quotation. Can it be possible that "Consistency" has been twisted from "Constancy," or vice versa? Which is it? "PERCY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I chanced lately, by pure accident, upon a very old and valuable edition of the poems of George Buchanan, who lived from 1506 A.D. to 1552 A.D., an eventful period of religious and political history. The work is as he wrote it, in Latin. The editor has prefixed Buchanan's life as written by himself, from which Bayle, Moreri, and others have drawn their chief facts. Can you inform me whether our language is gifted with a translation of this old Scottish poet, and if so, whether that translation is modern or ancient?

The Baltimore Historical Society possesses a valuable old copy (likewise in Latin) of Buchanan's *History of Scotland*, in which he is said to have traduced the memory of the lovely but unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. Respectfully yours, S. J. D.

BALTIMORE, April 22, 1867.

THE ROUND TABLE.

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SATURDAY, MAY 11.

THE NEW ASSEMBLY, THE APPEAL FROM SOUTH CAROLINA, MERIT IN ADVERSITY, THE GARDINER WILL CASE, A GLIMPSE OF FREEDOM, BEGGARS, PHRENOLOGY, PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY, ALBION PAPERS.

CORRESPONDENCE:
PARIS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
NEMO AND CHURCH-GOING, THE PIANO CONTROVERSY

REVIEWS:
CONINGTON'S ANEID, HOMESPUN, MAN AS A SPIRITUAL BEING, A JOURNEY TO ASHANGO LAND, GOOD ENGLISH, OVER SEA, THE AMERICAN LAW REVIEW, LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND, THE GENTLE SCEPTIC, NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.
LITERARIANA.

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